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TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

No. 943.

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING AUGUST 13, 1908.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

ONE PENNY.



Can a Man make
a Million Honestly?

WHAT CELEBRATED PREACHERS
THINK.

[Discussion has lately taken place as to whether it is possible for our great merchant princes and financiers to have amassed their vast fortunes without occasionally straying from the path of strict honesty. The following are the views of a number of well-known clergymen on the question.]

The Venerable ARCHDEACON of LONDON
(Thinks there need be no dishonesty).

THE making of a large fortune depends very much on the habits of frugality and self-denial. If a man does not increase his expenses when he has begun to accumulate money, the amount rapidly increases.

I am not intimate with the methods of the Stock Exchange, but I believe large fortunes can be made there quite honestly. I should regard all ordinary investments like railway stocks, corporation stocks, and Government securities as perfectly honest. A man's own business, I should say, is of the same character, if he pays his employees the ordinary wages of the market and sees to their happiness and comfort. I am in favour of co-operation or profit-sharing, for that, I think, is the strongest security against any possible unfairness.

But, besides the natural products of a large, well-managed, and lucrative business, there are such sources of fortune as gold and diamond mines, and I do not see any dishonesty in these if a man has the skill to discover and work them.

The Venerable ARCHDEACON of WESTMINSTER

(One of the most popular preachers at Westminster Abbey).

It is quite impossible to give a definite answer to the question: "Can a man make a million pounds honestly?" It is so obvious that some can and some cannot. The late Samuel Morley was one of those who could, and did.

The Rev. STEWART D. HEADLAM
(Objects to the present principle of society).

I do not think a man can make a million pounds honestly. You cannot now get on without getting somebody else off, and surely it is dishonest to make somebody else suffer in order that you may be successful.

But it is not fair to accuse only millionaires of dishonesty. We may all be murderers and thieves. The very clothes the sweated workman wears may have been produced by sweated labour, and if that is so, then we are as much—perhaps more—to be blamed as those who stand between us and the poor, ill-paid producer. We ourselves are cheating him out of a fair wage.

We live on the principle of every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost; we live as rivals and competitors, instead of living as brothers—labourer competing against labourer, artisan against artisan, shopkeeper against shopkeeper, trader against trader. And so long as society remains in this state it will become us to throw stones at millionaires and merchant princes just because they have managed to cheat more successfully than we have.

The Rev. C. SILVESTER HORNE
(The popular Congregationalist Minister at Whitefield's, Tottenham Court Road).

THE question, Can a man make a million pounds honestly? is almost unfair. To answer it with a

definite "Yes" or "No" is impossible. We cannot judge the honesty of millionaires in the mass; to arrive at a proper answer it would be necessary to take individual cases. If we have positive knowledge of the man and his methods of business, we might say this millionaire is honest or that millionaire is dishonest. But to take millionaires and brand them all as dishonest because there are undoubtedly some of them whose hands are dirty, would be, as I have said, manifestly unfair.

Personally, I cannot see why a man should not be able to get rich by honest means. Putting aside the man who suddenly becomes a millionaire through perfecting some useful invention or by the discovery of a gold-mine or an oil-well on his property, there have been men who have made colossal fortunes through hard work and that combination of fortunate circumstances which we call luck. I think it quite possible for a small business to be managed with such care and discretion, and the forethought that grasps opportunities, that in twenty or thirty years it might develop into one of our gigantic stores. I can speak positively on this point, because I have known cases in which this development has been brought about by the strictest honesty.

The Rev. LORD WILLIAM GASCOYNE-CECIL

(Rector of Bishops Hatfield, and son of the late Marquess of Salisbury).

I HAVE neither the time nor, I may add, the necessary information to form an opinion on the subject you mention, but I should think that, probably, the reverse was a truer statement of fact; few men who have ever departed from the path of strict honesty have amassed either a big or a little fortune, and I think that this is the opinion of most sensible men.

The Rev. FORBES A. PHILLIPS

(The Vicar of Gorleston, who under the nom-de-plume Athol Forbes is widely known as a novelist and dramatist).

CAN a man make a million pounds honestly? Certainly he can, with brain power and some luck. A man may have an idea working in his mind, and one day he gives expression to it in the form of a new gun, motor, newspaper, or steamship, and the fortune that follows the successful issue of a great idea will automatically grow to a million with the exercise of ordinary prudence.

The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL

(Probably our most-talked-about Nonconformist Minister).

I SHOULD think it very doubtful whether a man could make a million pounds honestly, unless it were by some accident.

INDIGNANT CITIZEN (to office boy): "Your confounded paper had an outrageous attack on me this morning, and—"

Office Boy (briskly): "Yessir. How many copies will you have?"

"THERE have been times," said the actor-manager, "when I have shed real tears."

"Ah, when you have been in great sympathy with the part you were playing," suggested the *matinée* girl.

"No, when I have had my own money in the show," replied the actor-manager, with a tinge of sad remembrance in his tone.

MR. P. DOUBLEYOU AND HIS MATCHES.

The Mystery Revealed by the Sub-Editor.

THE thousands of readers who have sent us anxious inquiries concerning Mr. P. Doubleyou, will be happy to hear that at last that gifted gentleman is free.

It will be remembered that, having been refused a match by his colleagues, he vowed he would obtain one "if he asked every reader of the paper for it."

Unfortunately, this rash assertion was overheard by the Editor, who thereupon remarked that Mr. P. Doubleyou should be held to his word.

Ever since then he has been securely locked in Room No. 23, apparently engaged upon some mysterious task. In response to his request matches have poured in from our readers by cartloads. Two office boys have been sitting outside No. 23, busily occupied throughout the whole day in pushing them through the letter flap. His food has been passed in to him by the same method, and nothing, except an occasional despairing groan, has given the rest of the staff any indication as to the nature of his task.

Needless to say, we have all felt the utmost sympathy for him, but every attempt to soften the Editor's heart has been a hopeless failure. "No," he has replied, sternly. "He brought his trouble upon himself, and he must go through with it to the end."

Last Friday the Editor was away, and, according to our promise, summoning up our courage, we crept upstairs, and listened for a moment outside the door of No. 23. A low, pitiful sobbing, alone broke the silence. We tapped at the door, and were only answered by a moan.

"I can't stand this any longer," I exclaimed; "I am going to break the door down." My comrades paled at the audacity of the thought, but, like brave fellows, they promised to stand by me.

I stepped back two paces, and then hurled myself against the panel.

Crash! The door flew open, and we gazed in upon a truly amazing scene.

On the floor lay Mr. P. Doubleyou, almost buried beneath a veritable mountain of matches. It was a case of matches—matches everywhere. In addition to the vast heap upon the floor, they were piled upon the tables and the window-sills, and even Mr. P. Doubleyou's curly hair was stuck full of them.

We hastened forward, and I lifted his head on to my knee.

"What on earth have you been trying to do?" I cried.

He opened his eyes and a convulsive shudder swept through him.

"The Editor's orders," he murmured feebly, "were—were—" here his voice broke.

"Yes, yes," we cried in chorus.

"That I was to carefully examine all the matches that arrived, and see whether—whether I could find a match for 'Pearson's Weekly.'"

Overcome by the appalling impossibility of the task, we gazed at each other in horror.

"I've—I've examined them all," went on Mr. P. Doubleyou feebly, "and there isn't one. P.W. is matchless."

Tenderly we carried him downstairs, stood him a good lunch, and sent him home in a hansom.

The next day he had so far recovered his usual cheerfulness as to hand to the cashier the following note: "Please pay out of my salary half-a-sovereign to each of the following readers who were good enough to send me fifty matches:

J. H. Hughes, 204 Southwark Park Road, London, S.E.; J. E. Aldridge, Chapel House, Harefield, Middlesex; F. W. Bookroyd, 67 Corridor Chambers, Leicester; A. Edwards, 10 Tavistock Street, Devonport; Mrs. H. J. Kirley, 57 Cornwall Road, Bishopston, Bristol; Miss Louie Wade, 10 George Street, Wakefield, Yorks; Margaret Webb, Fernside, Coten End, Warwick; S. A. Cassell, 210 Lower Clapton Road, Clapton, N.E.; J. E. Cox, 604 Bissell Street, Birmingham; J. H. Dobbing, "High Roughill," Greenway Road, Birkenhead; Thomas Foyle, 19 Roberts Place, Drewton Street, Bradford; F. C. Hill, 3 Eve Villas, Woodham Ferris, Essex; Emily Scarborough, 3 Marguerite Villas, Wimbledon, S.W.; Stanley Jones, 17 Beaconsfield Road, Easingstone, Hants; J. Smith, 23 Victoria Road, Guernsey; Jane Webb, 75 Coten End, Warwick; Miss E. Symonds, 8 Elacombe Church Road, Torquay; A. Radford, 93 Portland Road, Nottingham; F. M. McCulloch, 14 Baronsmere Road, East Finchley, N.

Come, let the giddy dance proceed, For this is Ellysium, indeed.
"Really?"

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.



An Exception to the Rule.

By
R. M. CONNOLD.

"We are extremely sorry, Captain Herrick, but you know the course this company adopts on those occasions—those extremely rare occasions, I am glad to say—when one of its captains loses his ship. We have given most careful consideration to this matter, making every possible allowance for the many difficulties you doubtless had to contend with, but we do not find sufficient reason to depart, in this instance, from the rule of the Paragon Line. I am, therefore, compelled—reluctantly compelled—to request you to find some other outlet for your services. It grieves us deeply—that is so, gentlemen, is it not?" (the chairman's colleagues on the board acquiesced silently) "it grieves us deeply, Captain, to have to sever the long and honourable connection you have had with this company, and I need not say that, personally, you will always have our highest esteem."

Captain Herrick, sitting at the bottom end of the table, drummed his finger-tips lightly on its leather top as he listened to the polite though tragic words of his chief. Though he realised their serious purport to the full, he scarcely followed their individual meaning as they fell from the chairman's lips, so obsessed was he by the sense of shame that he, John Herrick, should have lived to see this day.

A blush deepened the colour of his face under its seatan as he lifted his downcast eyes from the massive inkstand at which they had been vacantly staring.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "this is a very heavy blow to me. I must, of course, bow to your decision; but, pardon my saying so, gentlemen, I feel that you cannot possibly have appreciated the facts of the position as they concern myself. I am confident that no jury of sea-captains would judge me blame-worthy in this matter—I have sought to blame myself, but cannot honestly do so—and, with the utmost respect, I venture to ask you to hear me once more, when I am sure you will decide that—"

"Excuse me, Captain," the chairman interrupted politely, "but we have quite made up our minds, and further discussion would be useless. We are extremely sorry—I cannot find words to express my own personal regret—to have to take this course; but we have so many things to consider—the traditions of our famous Line, the confidence of our passengers, the inevitable effect upon our other officers of any signs of weakness on our part in a case of this kind. We sincerely hope you will quickly find suitable employment, and if the Board can help you by testifying to your high personal character, they will be most pleased to do so. As you pass out, please see the cashier, who will hand you a cheque for three months' salary, in lieu of notice."

The chairman turned to his papers as a sign that the painful interview was at an end, and a few minutes later poor Herrick found himself, dazed and bewildered, walking aimlessly along Castle Street in the sunlight.

Burning indignation at injustice done pervaded him. The memory of the whole disastrous affair passed through his mind again. A foggy passage, sixty hours on the streaming bridge without a break; then, bone-weary, down to his bed to snatch, all dressed as he was, an hour's blessed sleep. And then! a rude awakening by a rending crash as the big *Mikado* piled herself up on the rocks, fifty miles out of her course, on the coast of Ireland. Then days and nights of ceaseless work and brain-crushing responsibility; and, in the end, not a single life lost—passengers, crew, even the ship's cats all saved! Not a mail-bag missing; four thousand tons of cargo brought ashore and ranged up in the cove as neatly as if in a dock-shed. But the *Mikado*! Done for—a tangled mass of iron and steel—a scrap-heap! Hammered out of recognition on that awful anvil.

Herrick groaned. "Broke! Dead broke! A captain who's lost his ship. Oh dear, what about poor Mary and the kids?"

He stopped and looked at a steamship model in a window without seeing it. Humming through his brain went the song of doom, "Broke! A captain who has lost his ship!"

He stared blankly at a lot of sporting pictures in a printseller's shop, and all he saw, framed in blazing letters of scarlet, was the brand of failure, "Broke! A captain who has lost his ship!"

Turning to wander further down the street, a man coming hastily round the corner bumped into him.

"Sorry! My fault!" ejaculated the hurrying one. "Hallo, Herrick, is it you? Well met, old man. Just the chap I wanted to see."

Herrick recognised Anderton, old school-chum and prosperous Liverpool merchant. They shook hands.

"Say, old man, can you help me?" said Anderton, in his breezy, energetic manner. "I want a skipper to take out a steamer I've chartered to the Gold Coast. The man I had has just broken his leg, poor fellow. Know anybody who wants a short job? Anybody you like—any man Jack Herrick recommends will do."

"Um!" The captain pursed his lips. "How would Jack Herrick suit?" he asked quietly.

"Fine, but he's too good a man for the job, and besides, he's the coming commodore of the Paragon Line. No, Jack, talk sense. Name somebody else."

"I am talking sense, Bob. If I'll suit you, I'll take

the job." Herrick smiled bitterly. "Man, I've just had the sack—the Noble Order of the Push—the Paragon Line have kicked me out! You see, I've lost a ship of theirs, so it's 'Outside, 'Liza!'"

"Tct, tct, tct." Anderton clicked his tongue and put out his hand to seize Herrick's in an honest grip. "I am sorry to hear it, old man," he said, gently. "What a shame, what a shame! Of course, everybody knows the rule of those big lines—lose your ship, lose your job—but

in your case, after what was said about you at the inquiry, they ought to have felt it an honour to be able to keep you. I never thought they'd do this. However" (cheerily), "buck up, old fellow! You've still got your certificate, as clean as ever it was, so we'll let the Paragon see that they're not the only people who can employ ship-masters. You can have the *Escorial* for this charter, and I'll give you as much as the job'll stand. Get to her as soon as you like—Harrington Dock—mining machinery, railway stuff, and heavy constructional work, all for Accra. Get return cargo if you can, and I'll give you a good commission on it. She'll be full up on Thursday, and I want her away as soon as possible. Come and have a bit of lunch!"

Herrick safely conveyed his charge to her destination, and, after unloading, pattered about the coast picking up a return cargo from the trading factories. A few barrels of palm-oil here, a ton or two of kernels there, and a bit of rubber somewhere else. Full up at last, he weighed anchor at Bonny and set the *Escorial*'s nose for Liverpool.

He found life on this tramp an awful "come down" after the luxury of his previous steam hotels. Hundreds of times during the first week or so his gorge rose at the sight of her rusty plates and dingy fittings under the searching glare of the noonday sun, as he remembered how every bit of metal on the old *Mikado* was a mirror, and every plank clean enough to eat off, long before the first passenger was up. To see the shabby, clumsy cook preparing his dinner in the none too clean galley nearly choked him, as the picture flashed across his mental vision of the white-robed chefs, each a genius in his art, presiding at the silver-plated stoves in the *Mikado*'s kitchens.

However, these little things soon ceased to trouble him as he set himself resolutely to the responsibilities of his new task and refused to brood over the injustice that had been done him. Indeed, he began to realise how fortunate he had been to jump into even this comparatively poor position, temporary though it was.

Few dismissed sea-captains had such luck. There was poor old Bennett, for instance, who crumpled up the *Octoroon* on a submerged derelict—now a humble quill-driver in a Boston tug office. And Layston, whose fate with the *Tower of London* had been pretty much the same as his own with the *Mikado*, now storekeeper on a Canadian railroad gang. Herrick began to thank his stars.

One morning, about a week out, in the solemn, heavy half-dark that just precedes the dawn, the *Escorial*'s look-out yelled, "Ship right ahead! Port, port! Hard-a-port!"

The quarter-master twirled the wheel, the boat swung over, and surged alongside a great steamer that lumbered dead in their course. The imprecations hurled at her by the watch on the *Escorial* roused Herrick from his bed. He rushed out in his pyjamas, and there, across a mere score feet of dark water, he looked up a towering wall of iron plates.

The chief officer on the bridge saw him. "A near shave that, sir!" he called. "There's something funny about her. Not a light showing, can't see anybody aboard, and she's stock-still. Paragon boat, I think, sir. Green funnel, white bands."

The *Escorial* sheered slowly past, and Herrick read the name on the stranger's bows.

"By George! So it is. The *Mandarin*—their biggest cargo boat. What's up, I wonder? Stop, Mr. Calvert!"

The captain seized a megaphone and hailed the great ship loudly. Yet not a word came back in reply. He hailed again, and yet again. The liner remained as silent as the tomb.

"There's some mystery here," cried the skipper. "Bring her alongside, Mr. Calvert, and I'll investigate."

The *Escorial* backed carefully until she was so close that Herrick took a leap from the end of the bridge on to the big ship's deck. Swiftly he ran hither and thither but not a sign of life did he meet. Here and there he noted indications of disorder—tangled ropes, scraps of food, an overturned pannikin, ominous dark stains on the planks.

He rushed up the ladder on to the navigating bridge, and there, huddled up in a corner, he saw a sleeping figure in an officer's overcoat, breathing heavily. He shook him by the shoulder, and the sleeper woke with a start, shooting out his fist wildly.

"Get away, you dirty scum, you murderers!" he shouted. "Get off this bridge! How dare—?"

Then the man caught sight of his visitor standing beside him in the striped pyjamas, and sat up rubbing his eyes.

"Who the dickens?" he blurted. "Why, it's Captain Herrick, I do believe! I beg your pardon, Captain. Where in the world have you come from? You gave me a rare start—thought it was one of those beastly Chinks."

"Never mind how I got here," replied Herrick. "From the look of things, I rather fancy I'm not unwelcome. What's the matter with the ship?"

"Unwelcome, Captain! Good Heavens, you're a god-send, especially if there's a few more of you here as well!

There's murder on this ship, Captain! Bend down so's none of 'em'll see you, and I'll tell you all about it."

Herrick crouched his body into the dark shadow, and, in a hoarse whisper, the young man told him the short but tragic story.

"We're from Hong Kong for home, as you'll know, Captain, and a couple of days' out we discovered we'd shipped the most rascally lot of Chinks that ever trod a deck. Thieving, insubordination, opium, whisky, and all the rest of it. Captain Allen kept a tight hand on 'em, but they concocted some diabolical scheme, and in the small hours of yesterday morning, overpowered every white man on the ship."

"I was in bed and they fastened me in the cabin. There was shooting—lots of it—but the whole affair was short and sharp. When they let me out, I saw the second officer, poor old Freddy Brown—you'll know him, sir—and three Chinks being thrown overboard, dead, and the rest of our chaps were in two boats a mile astern."

"Mutiny and murder; that's what's the matter here, Captain! They kept me (I'm Windle, third officer—you'll remember me, perhaps; was with you on the *Mikado* for a while), they kept me to navigate, though where they intended to make me take 'em to, goodness knows! I've just tried to keep in the steamer track, that's all. They kept McGregor, third engineer, as well, to see to the engines, but Mac showed fight last night over something or other, and I don't know whether he's alive or dead. Anyway, the engines stopped soon after."

"I've been up here four-and-twenty mortal hours, and haven't had a bite. Two of the fiends kept me company with their bare knives, and would neither let me go down nor bring me anything up. They were here when I dropped off to sleep—oh, dear! I'd no business to go to sleep—and then, I suppose, they went down below to have a spree with the rest. Opium! whisky! I reckon they've been going it too, and you know what that means with Chinks, Captain. So that's the whole story, sir, and now you're here, we'll have a reckoning-up with 'em. My aunt, I am hungry!"

The *Escorial* hugged close alongside the liner. Herrick leaped on to her, ran to his cabin, put on his clothes, and in three minutes was back on the *Mandarin*, with half a dozen of his men. Then, revolvers in hands, stealthily searching the ship, they discovered the mutineers sleeping off the effects of their orgies; some in the fore-castle, some in the saloon, and others in the cabins, all asprawl among their squalid filth, and every place alike reeking horribly of poisonous opium and the fumes of spirits.

"We'll rouse 'em out at once," whispered the Captain. "Run out the hose. We'll use the *Escorial*'s donkey."

Three lengths of hose were out in a twinkling, trailing across the decks of the two steamers. The donkey engine clanked, and the fierce torrents of water spouted mercilessly upon the recumbent Chinamen. They sprang up, yelling diabolically, and rushed for the strangers who had so abruptly roused them from their swinish sleep. But nothing human could face those powerful columns of water.

The *Escorial*'s men hunted them out, searching every nook and cranny with their terrible liquid swords, and in less time almost than it takes to tell, the whole vile crew were hounded on to the open deck in front of the bridge, a mass of swearing, scowling, ruffians, slopping in the pools that dripped from their saturated clothes.

Captain Herrick leaned with folded arms on the bridge-rail, handling a revolver in his hand.

"Silence, every man!" he shouted in trumpet tones. "Something in the masterful voice roused the latent instincts of obedience. The mutineers ceased their cries and looked up at the officer frowning sternly upon them."

"Now, you mutinous dogs and sons of dogs!" he called. "You've been caught muchee quicke, eh! Mutiny and murder! Everyone of you's put his head in a noose. Savvy? Muchee piece surprised to be caught so soon, eh! But the British nation got piece long arm! Savvy! Now you're all going to get punished for this—piece big punished. Every—"

A knife whizzed past Herrick's ear, and stuck, quivering, in a panel of the bridge-house behind him. His revolver cracked, and the knife-thrower dropped dead in his tracks, like a poleaxed bullock.

"Every dog's son among you—piece big punishment, I teller! And the more piece trouble you give me, the more piece punishment you'll get. Savvy! Put your knives down, quick! One time!!"

The crowd looked ugly, and hesitated. A man on the *Escorial*'s bridge close above them, turned the tap on the nozzle of a hose he was holding, and—*ss-ss-ss*—a hissing cloud of scalding steam burst up in the air, the condensed spray falling thickly on the coolies.

"Quick! Quick! Down with 'em, or you shall have it! Quick!!"

The terrible threat had its effect. The Chinamen hastily drew their murderous knives and dropped them in a little heap on the deck. A sailor picked them up and heaved them overboard, and then Captain Herrick continued his harangue.

In that weird pidgin lingo which serves so effectually as a means of verbal communication between the Britisher and the native of the Flowery Land, he gave them to understand that they were nabbed, collared, lagged, with the blood of murdered men still on their hands. He vividly described the very drastic punishment meted out by his nation to those who had been guilty of murder and mutiny on the high seas; and in a forceful peroration, accompanied by realistic pantomime, representing the effect of a rope about the neck of a man suddenly lifted off his feet thereby, swore to the instant fate that would overtake the first one of them who showed so much insubordination as could be put in the flick of an eyelash.

Under that biting tongue, and that dreadful revolver-muzzle, which wandered so carelessly over the group, the yellow men cringed abjectly, and when Herrick sent them off about their work, they were so utterly cowed that there wasn't a kick left in the lot of them.

With the assistance of Windle and McGregor, the engineer (who was discovered below, faint from loss of blood, but with no worse injury than a stab in the shoulder), the Captain picked out three who had been

ringleaders and locked them up with heavy gyves about their legs. Of the rest, he bundled a dozen over into the *Escorial*, exchanging half the latter's crew into the liner. Then the big boat got up steam, her screws churned the water, and the two steamers, sweeping the ocean in enormous circles, searched long and carefully for the castaways. Searched without avail. Then, as evening fell, they spoke a little Danish brig, States-bound, who told them how, the day before, she had witnessed the picking-up of the two boats by the Cape mail. Upon which the *Mandarin* dipped her flag, and, with the tramp escorting her, resumed her tragically-interrupted voyage.

"From Lloyd's signal station, St. Ann's Head. *Mandarin* passed, 9 a.m., going north." The telegram, handed to the chairman of the Paragon Line by the excited secretary, created consternation in the boardroom. So astounding was the news that, after reading it aloud, the chairman passed the flimsy round the table so that each director could read the written words for himself. Some in their bewilderment turned over the sheet and stared at its blank side; then held it up to the light, as if hoping to discern some explanation secreted in the inner substance of the paper. It travelled from hand to hand and returned at last to the chairman, who read it for the twentieth time, laid it on his blotting-pad, sat limply back in his chair, looked round-eyed at his colleagues, and ejaculated, feebly, "Well, I'm surprised!"

And no wonder this short telegram, with its apparently commonplace message, created the consternation of a thunderbolt in that assembly!

For, only two days previously, there had been flashed from Cape Town, along the cables lying on the ocean's floor, to the newspapers of the world, a dreadful story of mutiny, murder, and marooning on the high seas. A crew of Oriental cut-throats was at large, with a great potentiality for mischief, on a vessel worth, with her cargo, a quarter of a million of money. The world was horrified, and the columns of the press shrieked denunciation of the great and growing evil of the employment of Chinese on British ships. Questions were asked in Parliament, and the Admiralty wired urgent orders to the squadrons at Gibraltar and the Cape to send out fast cruisers to scour the ocean and bring the mutineers to book.

The directors of the Paragon Line had met in solemn conclave to discuss what could be done in this crisis—this blot on their famous reputation for immunity from the perils of the seas—and at the very commencement of their deliberations the news arrived that the ship whose name was ringing throughout the world, and for which navies were searching in the waters of the Equator, was calmly steaming up St. George's Channel a few hours' sail from the Mersey. Seemingly oblivious to all the sensation she had caused, she had shown her number to be reported, and was proceeding to her destination as if nothing had occurred to ruffle the usual humdrum tenor of her voyage.

A buzz of conversation rose around the table. What could it all mean? Without a doubt Captain Allen and all his white men except three, one of whom was murdered, had been marooned and were now at Cape Town, yet here was his ship almost at the Mersey's mouth, scarce a day overdue. Could it be that the two young officers kept on the ship by the mutineers had in some miraculous fashion subjected the coolies to their will and made them work the ship home? Nay, such a thing was impossible! What, then, could it mean?

The chairman rose to his feet. "Gentlemen," he said, "this matter must be investigated. I confess to you I am racked with anxiety, and cannot rest till I get to the bottom of it. It is a national matter now, and it is our duty not to lose a moment. I propose, then, that we all go out at once on board our tender to meet the *Mandarin*, if it is, indeed, the *Mandarin*. Come, gentlemen, all who can! I am so impatient, I cannot wait!"

The very thing. All the directors rose in a body, seized their hats, and in a few minutes were trooping down to the landing-stage. The tender came alongside and embarked them, and at once steamed off seaward, full speed.

They sighted the big boat with the familiar green funnel off the Skerries, forging along at a good twelve knots. The tender tooted her siren, and those on the *Mandarin*, recognising the well-known Mersey tug of their line, tooted hers loudly in reply. The tiny steamer pushed ahead under a smothering bow-wave, and came round smartly on the lee-side of her big sister.

And then it was that the gentlemen who ruled the world-famed line recognised, looking down upon them over the canvas at the end of the bridge, the bronzed face, the pointed beard, and steel-grey eyes of Captain Herrick, the man whom they had dismissed from their service as an incapable ship-master just three short months before.

Mystery on mystery! They looked at one another in amazement.

The sea was calm, so the small vessel manoeuvred close alongside, and no sooner was the gangway laid across than the portly chairman ran up it in a most undignified manner, his colleagues following at his heels.

In ten minutes the tale was told, and then ensued a hearty round of handshaking and a babel of congratulations. Herrick, Windle, and McGregor were surrounded by the smiling throng, the while the yellow coolies pattered about the lower decks, gloomily wondering what retribution these strange people had in store for them. The rusty *Escorial* came up, and the chairman himself shouted his thanks and congratulations to her through the megaphone.

Then the little flotilla moved on again, and the greatly-relieved directors left Captain Herrick to his duties on the bridge, and clustered on the spacious after-deck in earnest conversation.

The *Mandarin* carefully threaded the narrow entrance channel; passed the holiday-makers on the Cheshire sands; then, somebody on a crowded ferry-boat spotted the name on her side, and up went a deafening roar of cheering and tootle of syrens. Slowly she crept up the busy

river, stopping in front of Liverpool's magnificent dock office; her anchor disappeared beneath the water, and the *Mandarin* swung round in mid-stream on a taut cable.

Captain Herrick descended from the bridge. He had lived to bring another Paragon Liner home!

The chairman met him at the foot of the ladder.

"Oh, Captain," he said, smiling, "we have been holding an impromptu Board meeting, and the Board have requested me to convey to you their sincere thanks for the very valuable services you have rendered to the Company in bringing this steamer safely to port. They will have much pleasure in giving expression to these thanks in a tangible form in the course of a few days. In the meantime, they ask your acceptance of the command of the Company's new ship, the *Mogul*, now completing on the Clyde. It is a much larger and finer vessel than the—than your last, and, of course, your salary will be increased proportionately. And—er—by the way, when you went away from the office the other day, you—er—left behind a cheque for three months' salary, paid in advance. We shall cancel that cheque, Captain, and make another out at the higher rate. You accept the new command! Thank you, Captain, thank you! In the name of the Board, I wish to say that you honour the Company by giving them your services. Thank you, once more, Captain! I wish you good day!"

The genial man of business shook the bluff ship-master's hand, raised his hat in response to the salute, and, smiling, left him.

SMITH: "You and Jones don't seem to be as friendly as you were. Does he owe you money?"

Brown: "No, not exactly; but he wanted to."

"I CONTEND," said a lawyer for the defence, "that a tomato, however well aimed, could not have caused a black eye."

"But it were in a tin, yer honour."

"I WOULDN'T fight, my good men!" said the peace-maker.

"But he called me a thief, sir!" exclaimed one of the combatants.

"And he called me a lazy loafer!" cried the other.

"Well," said the peace-maker, serenely, "I wouldn't fight over a difference of opinion; you both may be right."

What They Think of the Fresh Air Fund.

S. F. EDGE

(Britain's most Famous Motorist).

Of course I am in favour of THE FRESH AIR FUND. If there is any unfortunate person in the world who is not, I am truly sorry for him. To me it appeals especially, for so much of my life has been passed in the open air that I can hardly imagine existence being tolerable without it. One has only to compare the happy, healthy children one sees when motoring through the country villages with the poor, pinched little waifs of the slums, to realise you are doing a splendid work and to wish you God speed with it.

Here's to THE FRESH AIR FUND, and may it meet with the support that it deserves. I can send you no better wish.

S. F. Edge

TOM REECE

(In the front rank of Billiard Players).

The FRESH AIR FUND has always appealed to me as the best charity in the world. There is something so pitiful about the life of a slum child, that I think everyone who had ever given a thought to the matter would do his best to help you.

Although a good deal of my life is necessarily passed indoors, there is no one who has a stronger appreciation of the delights and benefits of the open air. I find that an occasional breath of the country is absolutely necessary to me to keep in that perfect health which billiards demand. What it must mean to these poor little slum children it is difficult to imagine.

Tom Reece

EUSTACE MILES

(Both as a Food Reformer and a Tennis player his name is a household word).

Of course I support THE FRESH AIR FUND. You'll be interested to hear that in our restaurant, at the suggestion of one of the waitresses who had read my wife's article in the EXPRESS, we collected quite a respectable sum on the first day, and are continuing to collect. Best wishes for the Fund.

Eustace Miles

"I'm glad I'm a Little Jap Girl!"

By
Madame HANAKO.



[The great Japanese actress who has taken London by storm with her performance of "Otake" at the Hippodrome.]

I AM glad I am a little Jap girl, because Great Britain is the friend and ally of Japan, and, therefore, the British are my friends, and I am their friend—a very, teeny, weeny friend, maybe, but I have a big heart.

I am glad I am a little Jap girl, because Japanese girls always have what you call a "good time." My life has been so happy since I was born, near Tokio.

I am glad I am a little Japanese actress, because actresses have great honour in my country. There are not many of us, and so people do not get tired of us, and we are quite important personages.

I am glad I am a little Jap girl, because that has meant that I have been able to make the best use of my talents. For in Japan we encourage everybody to be what Nature intended them to be, and there are no, what you call, round pegs in square holes. Japanese parents and schoolmasters try to find out what a child can do best, and once that is discovered every effort is made to develop that particular gift.

That is why my country is great, that is why we beat the Russians. Everybody is a specialist, and everybody does the work he is best able to do, and, therefore, everybody in Japan is happy and contented.

"I DON'T HAVE TO PINCH MY WAIST."

And so, when, even as a baby, I showed signs of being an actress, almost as soon as I could walk I was handed over to a professor, who managed a theatrical company, to be trained for the stage. My training lasted eight years—eight years of very hard work—but I did not mind. I had every confidence in the wisdom of my teacher, and I knew that, when he had finished with me, I should have a profession to keep me through life.

Now, if I had been a little English girl, probably my parents would have objected to my going on the stage. Probably I should have had to wait until I was quite grown up before realising my ambition, and I should have gone on the stage with everything to learn.

But, being a little Jap girl, when I did make my first appearance at Tokio I was already an actress. I had not to agonise myself and my audience by learning my work in front of them.

I am glad I am a little Jap girl, because I don't have to pinch my waist with horrid corsets, and my feet with equally horrible boots.

But, on the other hand, I envy the English girls their clothes, though not their style of dress. They have so many new dresses, because clothes are so wonderfully cheap—at least, to my idea—in England. Here you can buy a beautiful dress for £5 or £10; but even my ordinary Japanese costume costs me, at least, £100, while my "State robes" cost two or three times as much.

EVERYBODY HELPS EVERYBODY IN JAPAN.

I am glad I am a little Jap girl, because, even if I were to lose my husband and all my money, I should never be allowed to starve in my country. I have no children, which is a great grief to me, for I adore babies; but in Japan it is the duty of relatives to support each other, and even if I were left all alone the Government would see that I was not allowed to suffer. We are a great, big, happy family in Japan, and everybody helps everybody.

I am sorry I am such a little Jap girl, because I get quite frightened at the gigantic English ladies and gentlemen, and I have got quite a pain in my neck through trying to see the faces of my English friends.

But, after all, I am glad I am little, for, as I have told you, our dresses are so expensive that, if I had to buy as many yards of silk as an English girl would need to clothe her Japanese fashion, I should be ruined.

I am glad I am a little Japanese girl, because in my country all women are happy, though we haven't got a vote, and are expected by our husbands to be able to cook and sew and look after the house and nurse them when they are ill, things which, I am told, English ladies pay others to do for them.

I am glad I am a little Jap girl, because Japanese children are so well-fed and well-treated that they cannot help growing up strong and healthy, and I have never had a day's illness in my life.

But just at present I am rather sorry I am a little Jap girl, because I live mainly on rice, and it is so very hard to get rice properly cooked in London.

However, that is a detail, and because I am happy in my work, happy in my past, present, and future, happy in my country and my brave countrymen, I am glad I am a little Jap girl.

(Madame Hanako's signature)

Twirl round on light, fantastic toe, Gently murmur—Eh? What oh!

"I beg pardon?"

PAUL PRY UP TO DATE

By HOUGHTON TOWNLEY.

Author of "The Bishop's Emeralds," "The Splendid Coward," Etc.

[A novel and quite original series of complete stories dealing with the adventures of Mr. Paul Foss, an idler and mystery-monger, in whom inquisitiveness has become an all-absorbing hobby. He is obsessed with a mania for reading unsuspected secrets in the faces of strangers he passes in the streets, and shadows interesting passers-by whose personalities excite him, spying out their business, grave and gay, honest and dishonest, and in the process stumbling on some amazing mysteries, crimes, comedies, and tragedies. Each story narrates a distinct adventure, and the reader can begin with any one of the series without reference to the others.]

II. The Arm Upon the Ceiling.

THE streets of London provide the student of human nature with a more varied selection of oddities and vanities than any capital in the world. All nations add their quota; all races are represented; all ages and both sexes jostle one another in the hurly-burly of the highways of the most wonderful city on earth.

On the passing faces are written life stories; tales of success and failure, strength and weakness, comedies ended, tragedies beginning. Cupboard skeletons are left at home; but secrets travel abroad and look out of the watchful eyes.

Mr. Paul Foss was increasingly fascinated with his self-imposed task; and more than convinced of the infallibility of his genius, since, at the very first attempt, he had romped home a winner to the extent of £500. When the money was snugly heaved in a nice little suburban property, time hung heavily on his hands, and he sallied forth again into the ever-flowing stream to land another human fish.

He chose his old route to the office, and walking slowly with hands rammed down into the pockets of his overcoat, pierced the passing units with his two little grey gimlet eyes. Nobody seemed to notice him, although few escaped his scrutiny. He knew the faces of many of the workers; they had seen him hundred of times before; perhaps that was why they paid no heed. None was sufficiently interesting to claim individual attention to-day.

Stay! There came along that strange, middle-aged, bright-eyed, rough man, with the soft felt hat, who always wore a parson's collar.

It was cold this morning, and the "parson's" throat was muffled. His overcoat was brown and shabby, but shiny black trousers and big boots showed below; these in conjunction with the very clerical collar and the pork-pie hat suggested the divine. The grizzled, short, grey beard and hard uncompromising eye, suggested the eager dissenter, or park orator. The coat spoke poverty, the un-gloved hands, sinewy and red, were used for rough, muscular work.

He went to "business" every day, and always at this time. Now was Mr. Foss's opportunity to find out the reason of that daily peregrination, and learn in what quarter the "parson" went to work.

He turned and followed. The unsuspecting man proceeded at a swinging pace that made Foss pump, and kept it up all the way down Oxford Street to South Street, where he turned sharply and stopped at a small side door, adjoining a shabby-looking shop, where he disappeared.

Mr. Foss crossed over the road, and read above the shop-window, "Willis, Die-Sinkers, Engravers, and Metal-workers." It was more a work-shop than a retail establishment. The window was filled with sheets of metal, coils of wire, and a miscellaneous collection of materials connected with the trade.

It was unexciting, though peculiar, that the "parson," about whom he had so often speculated, should anchor here, where he undoubtedly worked at a trade. There would have been nothing noteworthy about this stranger as a workman, but the clerical collar somehow fascinated Mr. Foss.

After loafing in the neighbourhood long enough to make sure that his quarry was not merely making a passing call, Foss retired, unenlightened, but thoughtful. He had reached a *cul de sac* as far as the morning's work was concerned. There was nothing for it but to come again in the evening, in the hope of being able to track the man with the red hands to his domestic lair, and find out the nature of his ministrations. A little reasoning warned him that he could only expect to discover him the leader of some insignificant Bethel, in an obscure neighbourhood; and there all mystery would end. A die-sinker and engraver by day, a parson by night—like the famous bed—"contrived a double debt to pay, a bed by night, a chest of drawers by day."

The evening watch was almost given up in despair,

when, very late, the working "parson" left his place of business, carrying a heavy bundle, so heavy that he staggered under its weight; metal, undoubtedly, and a machine, presumably, for there were handles sticking out of the green baize wrapper.

The bundle was carried to a bus. Foss took the same conveyance and clambered up behind the man. Yes, it was a machine in the wrapper, and a heavy one; and, when the rain came on, the bus apron was pulled over the machine, rather than over the man, to protect it.

Obviously, a delicate, or a valuable machine.

The journey ended in a small street in the shabbiest quarter of Bayswater. The "parson's" destination was a dark, ill-lighted row of small, mean houses, and his home was the last in the row. It was a blind street terminated by the back wall of a large factory, whose front windows looked out on to some other thoroughfare.

A man met the cleric at the gate, a respectable-looking working man of the same type, and he assisted him with the machine through the front door, where they both disappeared from view. Anything less romantic or less likely to provide adventure or excitement could hardly be imagined. But Foss was not to be daunted. Not he. Around that dark house he wove a web of infamy, as intricate as any spider's gossamer. A die-sinker who dressed as a parson was surely a curiosity, and a suspicious character.

He watched the house. There was nothing else to do. The dark street made the task easy; and his usual luck prevailed.

The "parson" had visitors. One after another, burly, portly men of middle-age, came singly and in couples to the house, arriving quietly and unobtrusively, as if to avoid attracting attention. The door was opened, before they knocked, by a diminutive female figure, and they passed into a hall, so badly lighted that they ceased to be more than shadows. The dark front of the house was not illuminated by a single light, except the one which winked through the keyhole of the front door.

Half an hour passed. A light in an upper room flashed out, an illuminated square in a pall of grey, but curtained half-way up with a thick cloth roughly pinned across. There was no blind, but on the ceiling occasional shadows, grotesque and swift-moving, passed to and fro. The watcher's sharp eyes detected an arm in a shirt-sleeve, and saw the handle of a machine move backwards and forwards. His curiosity was whetted; but he could see no more. He could not knock at the door and walk in; nor could he climb the stairs of the house opposite and see what was passing in the room.

It was nine o'clock before the men who had foregathered left the house. They departed in a body, or rather in twos and threes, close behind each other. Foss caught excited scraps of conversation and confidential whispers. He overtook, and passed, the first couple, the second, and the third. The talk was all of money! These were the snatches which remained graven on his memory.

"A hundred shillings would do it . . . half-crowns would be better . . . 'We could send them out in comfort . . . 'so attractive . . . 'next meeting all must lend a hand . . . 'silver would be the thing, but . . . 'plenty of stuff to look as well . . . 'wouldn't know the difference . . . 'Laughter greeted this last remark, and all gathered at the corner of the street, outside a cheesemonger's, to say good-bye. They called to one another at parting saying "Wednesday, Wednesday, next."

Foss went home full of dancing ideas. "Silver would be the thing! But plenty of stuff to look as well?" Coiners! Without a doubt—a smug, artful gang; and the clerical die-sinker was the man for the work! It would be child's play to him. The clerical collar was only a cunning blind. The old humbug evidently covered his real profession by passing himself off as a Methodist divine.

To make quite sure, Foss visited the neighbourhood again in the daytime, and chatted with the cheesemonger, who informed him that the large converted stable on the opposite side of the street was a chapel with a growing congregation, presided over by a very worthy cleric, Mr. Black, who lived in the last house down on the left-hand side.

Before the Wednesday appointed for the next gathering of the gang, Foss had six days to complete his

plans. He attended divine service at the Little Bethel and heard Mr. Black preach, fervently and noisily, on the subject of temperance and clean-living—artful rascal!—and three of the gang, at least, were recognisable in the congregation.

The only possible place from which Foss could get a glimpse into that upper room was the roof of the house opposite; and how to get there, without being arrested as a burglar, strained his ingenuity to the snapping point.

In sheer hopelessness he decided to appeal to the opposite neighbour, and secure permission to climb on the roof of his house after dark to study the stars. No clue to his suspicions must leak out; but get on that roof he must.

"Want to go up on my roof! What for?"

The uncouth tenant of that desirable roof stood at the door of his house in his shirt-sleeves, with a short clay in his mouth, and surveyed the keen-eyed little gentleman with suspicion.

"Well, you see—"

"Not telephones. There ain't no wires on my house!"

"No, not telephones. It is a matter of ancient lights and angles of buildings. I am an estate agent, and it is part of my business, you know. I want to get a look over the roofs after dark; outlines show so much better at night."

"You could see better in the day, take my word for it," growled the man, who plainly did not believe the lame story.

It was not encouraging, but it was not a downright refusal.

"I am prepared to pay for any inconvenience you may be put to."

"I don't want your money."

"It's not my money, my good man, it is my client's, and the usual fee for disturbance."

That sounded legal and Mr. Foss was very proud of it. The effect upon the man was quickly apparent.

"You want to go on my roof. Well, I don't say as you can't, if you're willing to pay."

"Here's five shillings. I may want to be up there about an hour."

"An hour?" queried the man, opening the front door a little wider, so that the light from within might fall upon the stranger. "This ain't no dodge?"

Foss laughed at the suggestion.

"My dear, good man, all I want you to do is to allow me to get out of your attic window and survey the surrounding buildings. You can shut the window and keep a watch upon me, if you like." He produced a pair of field-glasses and played with them.

"Well, I suppose you know your own business," replied the man, who did not take in the explanation and suspected roguery. "Come along," and he went indoors, followed eagerly by the eccentric stranger.

At the top of the stairs, which were rather dark, an idea struck the householder. He turned upon the stranger once more.

"Ere it ain't no bloomin' suicide, or anything of that sort?"

Mr. Foss again laughed, this time so cheerily that he allayed all doubts. He was helped and pushed out of the upper attic window on to the coping stones, where he knelt and shivered in terror.

"Oh, dear me! How dangerous it looks!"

"It is a bit narrer. 'Old on. If yer slip there's the area railings below to fall on an' spike yer."

With this cheering assurance, the gentleman sucked at his clay, and watched Mr. Foss crawling like a rheumatic monkey along the sloping roof, with his feet in the gutter below the coping. Twice the gentleman with the clay leaned out of the window in alarm; and reconsidered his notion about suicidal mania; but at last Foss managed, by grovelling in the gutter, to reach a chimney-stack and hold on.

At that very moment the light flashed out in the top room of the house opposite.

"I'm all right now—thank you—very well!" he gasped. "I shall be able to see here very well—when I get—accustomed to the roofs. Ah!"

"Find it a bit airy," observed the gentleman with the clay pipe, still leaning on the window-sill, as though he meant to stay.

"Not unpleasantly so."

The eccentric climber scanned the roofs in every direction.

"Ah, I can see very well, very well. Thank you, I need not detain you. I wish to be quiet."

"Oh, all right," replied the accommodating householder, closing the window with a slam and shooting the catch for safety. Afterwards descending to his front door, he gave an occasional peep out to make sure that Foss was not yet impaled upon the area railings. He wanted to find out the old fool's object if he could, and had vague notions of telling the police.

By the aid of his glasses Foss could see quite clearly into the room opposite. It looked like a workshop, with a large table in the centre and stools round it, lighted by an oil lamp standing in a corner out of sight. The dark curtain which veiled half the window prevented the watcher from seeing more than the back half of the room, as far as the centre of the table. Mr. Black was there in his shirt-sleeves, handling

some sheets of metal, which glinted in the lamp-light like silver.

"Ah! I thought so," gurgled Foss. "There he goes."

Mr. Black twisted something that looked like a copying-press, and, a moment later, handled a bright coin, which looked like half-a-crown. After a brief survey he flung it on the table. Then the door of the room opened, and cast a swift-moving shadow. One of the gang arrived and shook hands. He sat down at the table out of sight. Other arrivals followed at intervals, until the room seemed to be almost full.

The shadow of Black's brawny arm began to dance across the wall as he wrenched at his machine, and turned out half-crown after half-crown for the others to examine. Foss distinctly saw three heads bent low, until they touched one another, and hands were raised in admiration. The gang now sat round the centre table, and the heads and hands of four of them could be distinctly seen. They seemed to be counting out money, possibly the cash returned from previous issues of spurious coin. Foss was so anxious to see more that he hugged the chimney stack, and drew himself to the very apex of the slate roof. Here he could survey nearly the whole table.

Money! Yes, piles of it! Coins of every description. The men about the table were laughing and chaffing and counting it as it flowed from quickly emptied bags.

Black was still at the machine, and presently, when the money was all counted out and set in little piles, the others came to the machine and took a turn at the handle now and again.

It was enough for Foss. A secret mint! An unsuspected gang of coiners working in the very shadow of a chapel.

He waited no longer, and after much tapping at the attic window was allowed to escape. He left the house with many thanks for the facilities afforded by the still suspicious owner, and started off for the nearest police station.

Second thoughts suggested Scotland Yard, where his friend, Inspector Daly, would be able to give him the best advice, and thither he went.

At "the Yard" Foss was the hero of the moment. Detectives crowded round and praised his cunning, and police were told off to watch the premises. Arrangements were made to capture the whole gang red-handed.

A watch went on for days, until another meeting of the coiners was held in the upper room. Then a quick raid was made, and a squad of police rushed in upon Mr. Black and his confederates.

Foss stood on the pavement and chuckled, waiting for the malefactors to be hauled out one by one. He waited some time.

At last the police returned, but empty-handed. Inspector Daly emerged growling angrily, and wanting to do personal violence to Mr. Foss.

"Haven't you caught them?" gasped the informer hoarsely.

"Caught 'em, yes. Caught 'em making pewter medals for the chapel Sunday-school treat."

"School treat? But the half-crowns? I saw them," cried Foss, with sinking heart.

"You saw them makin' medals for kids," cried the Inspector, in a voice that quivered with rage. "You're too clever by half; you'll cut yourself with your own sharpness. They're all up there laughing at us—the 'parson,' and his deacons, and the Sunday-school committee."

"But the money—the money?" gasped Foss.

"Collecting bags. Your half-crowns were being made to hang on ribbons round the necks of the kids. Sunday-school medals, can't you understand?"

"Medals!" gurgled Foss, "I assure you, I thought—"

"You thought! Bah!" The Inspector brushed past angrily, followed by his men.

The poor little man on the pavement felt small indeed. His glorious reputation, earned by the recovery of the lost Vermeer, was shattered at a blow. Scotland Yard was laughing at him. How evanescent are the triumphs of genius!

They treated him with no more consideration than if he had been a dunder-headed idiot babbling suspicion for the sake of talking. Not satisfied with mocking his humiliation, they said things that were cruel, as well as unprintable. Their language was decidedly unofficial.

But only a very short time elapsed before Mr. Foss was rehabilitated in his own estimation. A success followed his failure.

But that is another story.

(Next week—"The Man with the High-heeled Shoes.")

"You know, George," she said, thoughtfully, almost fearfully, as they sat together on the rustic seat in the quiet eventide, "it seems such a solemn thing to marry. Have you counted the cost?"

A manly, ringing laugh shattered the nerves of the birds roosting in the branches overhead to a complicated hash.

"Cost? The cost? Bless you, Evangeline, don't you worry about the cost. I've got a cousin who's a clergyman, and he's promised to fix us up absolutely gratis."



Beasts that Have Bitten Me

By
FRANK C. BOSTOCK.

[One of the most popular entertainments in London this summer has been the exhibition of wild animals at Earl's Court under the direction of Mr. Bostock. Our author, who is popularly known as the "Animal King," describes some of his most sensational adventures with his ferocious pets.]

WILD animals are never to be trusted until they are dead. They may respect their trainer, his coolness, and his determination, but they do not love him. I was born among wild beasts, and have devoted every day of my life to them, and you may take my word for it that nothing is so treacherous as a wild animal in captivity.

I had an adventure with the notorious lion Wallace at a charity performance in the Paris Hippodrome. In the arena I had set up a den about sixteen feet square, and into this Wallace was placed. Even at that time the lion had a bad reputation, for he had already killed three men who tried to subdue him; and I may here say that I got through the encounter much better than I anticipated.

No sooner had I entered the arena than Wallace, in the cage, caught sight of me. He at once commenced to lash himself into an ungovernable rage, and nearly fifteen minutes elapsed before I could effect an entrance into his den.

I CONQUER WALLACE.

I feinted to enter several times, opening two doors alternately. As the lion moved once to the other side of the cage, I dashed in, only to be immediately pinned against the bars by the massive brute. For some time I fought with him, using my stock whip, and after a little I managed to shake him off and get free.

It was only momentarily, however. The next minute, with a fearful howl of rage, he sprang at me. His teeth fastened in the fatty part of my back above the waist, actually grazing the spinal column, but by a miracle it was not more seriously damaged.

By this time the audience, wrought up to a fearful pitch of excitement, were shouting, "Enough! Enough!"

I determined that I would meet Wallace in the wider space of the arena itself. With a tremendous effort I succeeded in getting free. I flung open the door of the cage, and, slipping out, I grasped a chair with which to defend myself.

On leaving the cage, Wallace made straight for me, and hurled himself blindly upon me. The chair stood me in good stead, however, and I finally drove the brute from the arena back to his cage.

On leaving the arena, after acknowledging, in a half-fainting condition, the plaudits of the audience, I sank down unconscious. I had been terribly mauled. Besides many terrible gashes from the brute's claws, I had been severely bitten through the left hand and shoulder and in the back. The doctors feared that blood poisoning might intervene, but Nature has equipped me with an excellent constitution, and a month or so found me well on the road to convalescence.

RAJAH HAD KILLED HIS MAN.

A few years ago my show in Indianapolis included a most ferocious Bengal tiger named Rajah, and once, while I was away on business connected with another of my shows, Rajah attacked a trainer named Neilson, and mangled him so horribly that he died almost instantaneously.

I hurried back to Indianapolis. When I arrived I discovered that I had become the victim of an over-zealous Press-agent. He had announced in all the newspapers that I was on my way back for the express purpose of conquering the terrible Rajah.

I was horrified. Apart from the fact that Rajah was undoubtedly one of the most ferocious animals in captivity, he had a grudge against me because of a terrible drubbing I had given him a year before. But the greatest cause for fear was the fact that he had killed his man.

The whole town was wildly excited about it. They didn't want to see me killed, exactly, but, as one man put it, "If you are going to be killed, I don't want to miss it."

I will not deny that their cold-bloodedness annoyed me. I kept putting it off, but one day a deputation of newspaper men called on me, and practically demanded that I should beard Rajah in his den during the next week. As there was no way out of it, I agreed. Immediately afterwards the entire seating capacity of the building was bought up.

As Rajah had attacked Neilson at the head, I knew he would go after me in the same way, and I

had an immense mask made to cover my face and neck. Also, I made my will.

I decided to have a rehearsal when the tiger would not be excited by the noise of an audience, so I ordered all my trainers to be on hand at eight o'clock in the morning.

Rajah was driven into the arena. I settled the mask more securely on my head, and armed with pistol, fork, and whip I followed him in. It is not mere bravado to say that I was not afraid. There was no time for fear; my only feeling was one of extreme carefulness.

Rajah stood, without sound or movement, in the middle of the ring, and glared at me. When I approached he snarled. I forced him to retreat by jamming the fork towards his nose. When a wild animal retreats the danger is partly over, and I continued to advance on him. With a great deal of growling and snarling he backed round the arena. Then the exit was opened, and I forced him into the passage leading to his cage.

HIS CLAWS WENT THROUGH MY HEAD.

This passage was only about three feet wide, and I had posted a man with instructions to shut the door leading to the cage the minute Rajah had entered. Unfortunately, I struck against the lamp that lit the passage, and in a second the place was in darkness. The man, hearing the noise, slammed the door, though neither of us could see in the darkness.

I had turned to go back to the arena when I heard the soft footfalls of the brute close behind me.

Rajah had not entered the cage!

Before I could turn to defend myself, he was upon me. He landed on my shoulder, and bore me to the ground. My arm was in his mouth, and he was chewing my left biceps. I dug the nails of both hands into his nose. The mask had got disarranged in my fall, and I could feel his claws going through my head. Then I lost consciousness.

The trainers heard the noise of the fight, and it was their promptness in coming to my assistance that saved my life.

My first thought on recovering was to wonder if the townsmen were satisfied. Would you believe it, they were not! They wanted me to do it again in public. They even hinted that the whole thing was a "fake," and I had actually to exhibit my wounds to a committee of journalists before they would believe me!

Bostock

"HAVE you noticed, pa, how often ma says 'And so on, and so on'?"

"Yes, my son; but it never applies to buttons."

FIRST ARTIST: "Congratulate me, old man. I've just sold my masterpiece to Banker Parvenue for five thousand pounds."

Second Artist: "Glad to hear it. The miserable skinflint deserves to be swindled."

"YES, I have seen the day when Mr. Rich, the millionaire, did not have a pair of shoes to cover his feet."

"And when was that, pray?"

"At the time he was bathing."

KILLING CELEBRITIES BY CABLE.

ADMIRAL ROJDESTVENSKY, the report of whose death, circulated by a newsagency, caused such bitter grief throughout Russia the other day, is not the only celebrity who has had the doubtful privilege of perusing his own obituary notice.

Mr. Baring-Gould, on opening his morning paper on June 5th, 1906, was confronted with the announcement of his death in staring headlines. It must have been a nerve-trying experience.

That other popular novelist, Mr. G. B. Burgin, was "killed," after a similar fashion, some four or five years ago, by the editor of a well-known work of reference. He wrote a witty letter of contradiction, in which he declared, as did also Mark Twain under similar circumstances, that the report of his death "was grossly exaggerated."

Mistakes of this kind, however, are sometimes serious matters to those who chance to fall victims to them. It once cost Miss Lettie Collins quite a large sum to cable from America to agents and managers in various parts of the globe, assuring them that she was alive. She had been inadvertently "slain" by a New York reporter, and was forced to spread contradictions broadcast, at her own expense, in order to obviate the risk of the cancellation of valuable contracts.

The private secretary to Father Ignatius, again, was staggered one morning at finding over a thousand letters and telegrams awaiting his perusal. They proved to be the outcome of a false story of his reverend superior's death, circulated by a reporter to a newsagency who had mistaken for the "Monk of Llanthony" a catholic priest bearing the same name.

To mandolines our feet shall twirl, Or else to bag-pipes' breezy skirl.

"Hoots! Mon! I dinna ken."

Picked Pars.

Bully!

A five-year-old boy named Mahieu, the son of a councillor at Enghien, has been fined £4 for using insulting language towards a servant.

Capture of Coleridge's Cottage.

Coleridge's cottage at Nether Stowey, West Somerset, has been acquired for the nation. It was in this cottage that the poet wrote "The Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," and other poems.

Sham Coins Made Legal.

So many counterfeit four-shilling pieces have for a long time been in circulation in Spain that the Government has resolved provisionally to suspend a decree for their confiscation by the state, the decree having produced a panic among tradesmen.

Washington as a Cockney.

Mr. Patrick Francis Murphy, the American Demosthenes who is now in London, thinks there is nothing of the English left in American life to-day save a few traces of the language. "If Washington were alive to-day," he says, "he would feel more at home in London than in New York."

The Economists.

The Belgian railway authorities have ordered that all newspapers left in carriages shall be carefully collected and used for making the cardboard for tickets.

Unlike the Holiday-maker.

The expedition which went to the Yakutsk district to fetch the remains of the mammoth which was discovered there has found that its trunk is intact. This is a unique discovery.

Land of the Free.

Bursting into a crowded bar-room in Boston, U.S.A., a gang of hooligans began to fire revolvers indiscriminately, and after robbing the till escaped. One man was shot dead and several wounded, two mortally.

Gallant Snake.

While a man was walking along the road leading from Gwydyr Castle to Bettws-y-coed the other day, he attempted to crush a snake that was crossing in front of him. The snake eluded the blow, coiled itself round the man's leg, and struck at him repeatedly. It was not until after a struggle lasting ten minutes that he succeeded in killing the reptile, which was found to measure 3ft. 3in. in length.

A Few Items of Fact that will Interest You.

Slick!

A United States Consular report calls attention to a novel stopper for soda water bottles that is in use at Calcutta. The "novelty" is the common glass ball stopper.

True Love.

A peculiar way of showing affection for a dog has come under the notice of the officers of probate at Melbourne. The will of a lady lodged for probate contained the following clause: "And in the event of my favourite dog Prin living at the time of my decease, I direct that he be destroyed by poison and his body be buried in the same coffin with me."

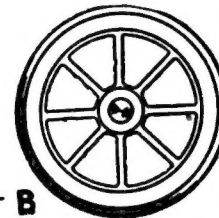
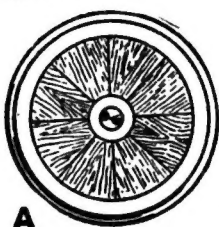
Shorthand Simplified.

Students of shorthand could not do better than purchase a copy of Pitman's "Shorthand for Self-Teaching," which embodies the rapid and simplified system of tuition evolved by Mr. Hubert Stewart. By following Mr. Stewart's advice, the student learns the winged art in practically no time, and in six weeks may be able to write at such a high speed as 120 words per minute. The text-book only costs 3s., and may be obtained at the Stewart Shorthand-Typing Academy, 104 High Holborn, W.C.

Picture Pars.

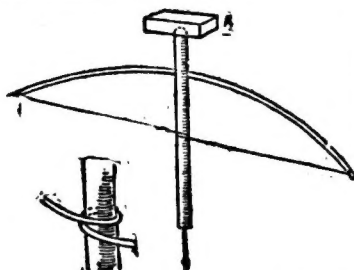
DEADENS THE SOUND.

MANY of our readers must have noticed how easy it is to tell by sound whether an approaching railway train consists of passenger carriages or goods waggon. The reason for the difference of sound is quite simple. In the case of passenger carriages, the wheels are blocked with hard wood as shown in sketch A, while in goods waggon wheels, on the other hand, the centre part is left open. The wood filling of the wheels helps to deaden the metallic sound caused when the train is travelling, and in this way makes railway journeys less trying to nervous travellers.



AN EFFECTIVE DRILL.

FOR drilling purposes, as effective and cheap an instrument as you can have is that known as the "Bobbin Drill." It is very easy to make. With a small cane, or supple piece of wood, and a piece of string make a bow. Next insert the drill into a piece of wood the size of a penholder. Twist the string of the bow once round the holder of the drill in the manner shown in the illustration. Then, having fixed your drill in position, work the bow backwards and forward. This, it will be found, imparts a rotary motion to the drill, and enables it easily to pass through the object you wish to pierce. The square piece of wood on the top (A) is lightly held to protect the hand during the rotation of the drill.



SAVES PURE WATER ONLY.

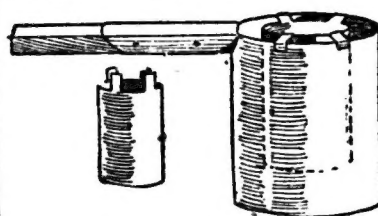
MANY a pedestrian visiting moorlands, where water is drained to supply neighbouring towns, must have wondered why pure water only is collected and not the muddy, peat-coloured stream to be seen when floods are in progress. The reason is not far to seek. The receptacles for gathering the water are practically covered over



except for a small opening as shown in the illustration. During normal conditions the pure fresh water pours naturally through this opening; but after heavy rains when the muddy, swollen stream dashes madly along, it leaps across the narrow opening, and in this way adulteration of the water supply is avoided.

A HOME-MADE GLUE POT.

HERE is a glue pot which everyone can easily make at home out of very simple materials. Procure two condensed milk tins, one being sixteen ounces, and the other half that size. Turn the lid of the large tin back and fasten a piece of wood to it with two or three tacks in the manner depicted in the illustration. Remove the lid from the small tin and cut the sides as shown in the little picture. Bend the four projections outwards until they are horizontal, and, of course, see to it that they are of such a length that when the small tin is inserted into the other, these arms will project beyond the sides of the larger. Complete the work by twisting the ends of the projections downwards so that the small tin is fastened securely to the larger. You will now find that you have a very stable, cheap and useful article.



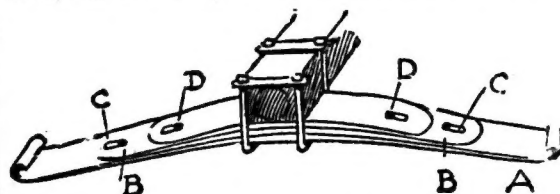
KEEPS THE DEER AT HOME.

WHEN a river enters a park or inclosure where deer are kept it is necessary to place a suspended gate like the one shown in the picture across the stream. But for this precaution the deer would enter the water and effect their escape. The gate, which is hung from a frame by chains, just touches the surface of the river, and in this way does not interfere with the fish.



HOW CARRIAGE SPRINGS ARE MADE.

THOUGH most of us see vehicles mounted on springs each day, few of us are acquainted with the ingenious manner in which these springs are constructed. The springs of a carriage are composed of several flat plates of steel, which are thicker in the middle than at the extremities. These plates are termed leaves, and are of diminishing lengths. The picture shows a spring upside down, the axle being on top, to illustrate better how it



works. The longest plate or leaf A is fitted with two little studs B B. These fit into slots, C C, in the next leaf, which again has studs D D, inserted into the third leaf. The object of the studs and slots is to prevent the leaves becoming displaced, while they allow the spring to be elastic, and adjust itself to the weight of the load. It will of course be seen that when the spring is depressed the leaves will slide on each other, and the slots containing the studs permit this movement.

Pars about Cricketers.

Lord Hawke (Yorkshire).

LORD HAWKE has never been a "great" cricketer in the commonly accepted sense of the term, but he certainly has been, and still is, a great captain.

Born in Lincolnshire (he is the only "foreigner" in the Yorkshire team, by the way) forty-eight years ago, he is now in his twenty-fifth year as leader of the northern eleven, an achievement which was recently commemorated by the presentation of some very valuable presents (publicly subscribed for) to his lordship.

During his first-class career "Martin" Hawke has done more for cricket generally than probably any living man. Perhaps his most notable and praiseworthy efforts have been those by which the status of the professional has been raised from that of an almost ne'er-do-well to that of a respectable member of society.

He has also been a great cricket missionary, having taken teams all over the globe during the past quarter of a century.

E. G. Hayes (Surrey).

NOTHING but the worst of bad luck has dogged the footsteps of E. G. Hayes, or "Ernie," as he is Oval-ly called, since the end of last season.

In Australia, with A. O. Jones's team last winter, he struck such a consistently bad patch, that he was not included in even one of the Test Match elevens; this

summer he has done practically nothing worthy of himself; while, to cap all, his recent benefit match was abandoned without a single ball having been bowled!

Happily, however, this last misfortune may be overcome, as the Lancashire captain, A. H. Hornby, has, with characteristic sportsmanship, offered to bring his team to the Oval again in September.

Hayes is still quite a young man, who cannot have permanently lost his form, and a winter's rest should put him all right for next season, at any rate. At his best, he is a brilliant free-hitting batsman, one of the best short slips in the world, and a most useful bowler of slow "leg tosh" on occasions.

S. H. Day (Kent).

THE Long Vacation annually sees the return to first-class cricket of a number of fine players, and one of the most noted of these is S. H. Day.

"Sammy" Day, as he is commonly known, is a product of that wonderful school, Malvern, where he was contemporaneous with R. E. Foster, among others. At Cambridge he got both his cricket and his association football "blues" without much difficulty. Indeed, as a footballer, he is quite the finest amateur inside right of recent days, and in 1906 he played in all three Internationals for England.

As a cricketer, he is a typical amateur bat—stylish, free,

A Few Facts about Well-known Players.

and apparently unmindful of such things as average tables. In the field, especially at third man and in the country, he is quick, neat, and safe.

Mr. Day, who is now an assistant master at Westminster, plays most of his cricket for the strong Blackheath club and his football for the Corinthians nowadays.

A. R. Warren (Derbyshire).

THREE seasons ago Arnold R. Warren was just about the best fast bowler in the country, and so highly was he thought of that he was given a place in one of the Test Matches against the Australians.

He took five wickets for fifty-seven runs on that occasion, but, though his form has not deteriorated very markedly since 1905, he can hardly be said to have advanced as might have been expected. At times he does some very fine bowling feats, but he is not consistent, and is, perhaps, rather a man of moods. Last season, with slow wickets obtaining for the most part, he only took fifty-five wickets altogether.

Still, he is an eminently useful cricketer, and it is quite on the cards that he may blossom out into a first-class bat some day. He certainly seems to have it in him to bat exceedingly well.

Warren was a professional footballer for some seasons, and played at outside right for Derby County and Brentford among other clubs.

Let the cymbals clash like fire! Blow the trumpets—twang the lyre!

"Any more musical instruments?"

TWIXT GALLOWES AND VICTIM

"LONG FIRM" FRAUDS.

Told by HENRI PIERRON.

[Mr. Henri Pierron, the well-known criminal lawyer, in the course of these reminiscences has given us a peep behind the scenes in regard to such sensational crimes as the Muswell Hill tragedy and the Devereux trunk mystery. Last week he described the extraordinary theft of the thousand-pound motor trophy from Olympia three years ago, and this week he gives us an insight into the methods by which "long firm" frauds are worked.]

"THE DOCTOR AND HIS DUCHESS."

IN a mercantile community, such as ours is, there can hardly be a more dangerous type of swindle conceivable than that which has come to be known as the long firm fraud.

As most people are aware, it consists in obtaining goods on credit by means of a carefully-organised system of false references, and afterwards refusing payment, on one pretext or another. When hard-pressed, the swindler disappears, covering up his tracks behind him with an ingenuity born of long experience.

He may then, perhaps, "lie low" for a while, or he may not; it all depends, as a rule, on the state of his finances. But, sooner or later, in any case, he will "lob up serenely" somewhere else, and start the same old game all over again.

I have been several times concerned in this class of case, both for the prosecution and the defence. One of the earliest, and, in many respects, one of the most remarkable of them all, was that which occupied, at the time it transpired, many columns of the newspapers, under the alluring and alliterative title of "The Doctor and his Duchess."

He was not a real doctor, any more than she was a real duchess. He was a clever and accomplished rogue of the type indicated above, and he had assumed his rôle, and compelled the woman to adopt hers, for the express purpose of enabling him to pursue the more easily his career of fraud.

At the time I came into contact with them the "doctor" had been operating in Kensington. He lived in style in a fine house, drove about in a faultlessly-appointed carriage and pair, and the "duchess" lived with him and his wife as a sort of lodger. He obtained quantities of goods from the local tradesmen on the strength of their supposed wealth and high connections.

DECEIVED BY A WOMAN.

The man posed as Dr. Theophilus Turner. The woman, having dropped the "duchess" for the time being, was Lady Ella Macdonald. Most of the more valuable among the articles obtained were ordered by the "doctor" on behalf of "her ladyship." Of course, this complicated matters considerably when payment began to be pressed for. The importunate creditor was told that "Lady Macdonald" was "out of town," but would attend to the matter immediately on her "return." When eventually she did "return," she would profess ignorance of the transaction, and as it was now the "doctor's" turn to be "out of town," the poor harassed tradesman found himself precisely where he was before.

Some of them, as a result, gave it up in despair. Others persisted in calling at all sorts of inopportune hours, plying knocker and bell vigorously, and declining to go away or to take "No" for an answer. These were angrily accused of "insulting behaviour," and of "wilfully creating a disturbance," and were in some instances threatened with the police.

Of course, too, there were many who had recourse to the county court. But for this class of summons the precious "doctor" had the most profound contempt. He knew precisely how long a time must elapse before the various proceedings culminated in the final committal orders being issued, and ere then they reckoned to be far away.

One of their dupes, however, was made of sterner stuff than ordinary. He gleaned something of their exploits elsewhere, and laid information before Mr. Rose, the magistrate at the West London Police Court, with the result that warrants were issued for their arrest.

It was then that I came upon the scene, being retained by both of them for the defence. They told me a very pretty little fairy story, the man especially posing as an injured innocent. I may as well say at once that I did not believe him.

The woman, however, completely deceived me. Her manner was so plausible, her accent so refined, and, above all, she spoke with such an air of open candour and apparent truthfulness, that I saw no reason to disbelieve her when she assured me that she really was what she had claimed to be, namely, a lady of title, and the widow of a one-time famous Indian judge.

But after the first remand the case assumed a very serious aspect. The Treasury took up the prosecution, and quickly demolished her pretensions, as they did

also those of the "doctor." Him I declined to defend after he had been shown up in his true colours; and in thus acting I was perfectly justified, for he had grossly misled me as to the real facts of the case. I might, too, have adopted the same course with regard to "her ladyship," had I chosen.

That I did not do so was largely owing to the fact that I regarded her as more sinned against than sinning. His was the master mind, and she was wholly under his influence. This I was able to prove at the trial, with the result that I succeeded in getting her released, on certain of her friends giving an undertaking to look after her. He received a long term of penal servitude, and very richly, indeed, did he deserve it.

SMOKED OUT.

A more thoroughly accomplished scoundrel it would be well-nigh impossible to conceive of. Much concerning his misdeeds transpired at his trial, but the half was not told. He was over sixty years of age when he was convicted, and his whole life practically had been one long fraud.

He once, I discovered, boasted to an associate that he had obtained goods by fraud amounting altogether to the value of half a million sterling. This was doubtless an exaggeration, born of a professional criminal's colossal vanity. But, nevertheless, the total extent of his depredations must have been enormous.

His adventures, too, in evading arrest, and eluding creditors, were surprising in their variety. For instance, at Barnstable, while posing as a clergyman, he was detected in a criminal act, and a plain-clothes officer was told off to take him into custody. But Turner disguised himself in female apparel, and actually engaged the policeman in conversation for some time without the latter being aware of his identity. He then left the house, and escaped after dark by boarding a train at a local, wayside station.

In the Isle of Wight, he lived so long upon credit that eventually the local tradespeople gave up in despair of ever seeing the colour of his money, and the landlord, not knowing how otherwise to get rid of him, stopped up the chimneys of his house and smoked him out. He left there also in the night.

One of his most audacious coups was made in 1889. In November of that year a certain Dr. Harris died. Turner happened to see the announcement in the papers, and drove up to the house in a carriage and pair, representing himself as the nephew of the deceased. By this means he obtained possession of the dead man's diplomas and certificates, and from that moment he became "Dr. Harris," committing under that alias wholesale frauds at Brighton, Maidstone, Bedford, Dorking, and many other places. At Swansea he gave himself out to be surgeon to the Prince of Wales, and there was scarcely a tradesman in the place whom he did not succeed in victimising.

TRADES MEN NOT THE ONLY VICTIMS.

Nor were tradespeople his only victims. Posing alternately as a clergyman and a doctor, he had every opportunity for making friends and acquaintances, and each and every one of these he regarded from the point of view of their becoming, at some period or other, a source of revenue to himself.

As an instance of the man's consummate audacity, I may mention that upon one occasion he came within an ace of succeeding in getting one morning a large sum of money by fraudulent misrepresentations from a bank manager, whom he had only met for the first time at dinner at a country house on the previous evening. According to information I have, the notes and gold were actually being counted out to him in

the manager's private office, when a detective, who knew something of his career, chanced to call upon another matter, and dropped a timely hint into the ear of the too-confiding financier. For this attempted fraud Turner was prosecuted, but the proceedings were dropped prior to a committal being secured.

With regard to the woman who was first his victim and afterwards one of his accomplices, he appears to have been introduced to her while occupying a fine house near Dorking, in Surrey, where he posed as a county gentleman. She was, as I have said, popularly known as "The Duchess." But amongst her other titles were Lady Mary Hamilton and Lady Mary Graham.

It will be noticed that I have alluded to her above as one of Turner's accomplices. He had others, including, at least, three women, and one of these took an almost equally prominent part in the frauds he was constantly perpetrating. As, however, the Treasury did not think it worth while to take proceedings against them, I am precluded from saying anything further about them.

LIVED LIKE FIGHTING COCKS.

Another long firm case in which I was engaged was somewhat uncommon, in that the fraud was carried on entirely by means of letter-writing. The defendants were three in number, two brothers and a sister. Their system was to rent a house in a good residential quarter of London by means of cross references from and to one another. As soon as they entered into possession, they would give it an impressive, high-sounding name, if it did not already possess one, and have some good, heavy notepaper printed from a specially-prepared die.

They would then write hundreds of letters to those persons all over the country who advertise provisions and other goods for sale in provincial papers, giving large orders, which, in nine cases out of ten, were executed upon credit, and, of course, never paid for.

In this way they not only managed to live like fighting-cocks, but they received such quantities of stuff of one kind and another that they were able to advertise the surplus, in their turn, and sell it, naturally, at considerably below the current market rates. Needless to say, however, they took precious good care to secure cash in advance before parting with any of the commodities that they themselves had obtained possession of in the first instance without the expenditure of a single penny.

The case occupied some considerable time, for as soon as the first reports of the proceedings appeared in the newspapers, complaints began to pour in from all over the kingdom, and there was, in consequence, some difficulty in ascertaining the exact share taken by the different defendants in the conspiracy. In the end, however, all three of them were convicted and sentenced to terms of imprisonment.

ALL ABOUT A CAT.

It has always been a matter of surprise to me to see how eager people frequently are to go to law about pet animals owned by them, or in whose welfare they are interested. The details, too, of such cases rarely fail to interest the newspaper-reading public, and that to an extent which is seemingly out of all proportion to their actual importance.

Most people will doubtless be able to recall the quite recent case of a man and his wife, living at Chiswick, who went to prison rather than part with a collie dog, which they alleged to be theirs, but which the judge, who heard the action, decreed to belong to the other party to the suit. I should imagine that many thousands of reams of paper must have been covered with printers' ink in relation to this curious matter, and I know for a fact that an enormous number of letters were written by sympathisers.

It has been my lot to act in many of these cases, and I might have had, I suppose, fully twice as many more, did I not make it a practice of discouraging clients from entering into what may easily prove very expensive litigation on what I consider wholly insufficient grounds.

For example, I was once consulted about a cat by a lady of means, who drove up to my office in a pair-horse brougham. She stated that, eleven years prior to the date of her visit to me, she had entrusted a kitten to a well-known London veterinary-surgeon—whose name she mentioned—to be poisoned. He had afterwards assured her that this had been done, and had sent her on his bill, which she paid. That very morning, however, while out walking in Kensington High Street, she had, she said, unexpectedly come across the kitten, by this time grown into a cat, and she wished me to initiate proceedings against the veterinary-surgeon for not having carried out his contract.

I endeavoured, of course, to persuade her of the uselessness of such an action-at-law as she contemplated, pointing out to her how difficult it would be for her to establish, after the lapse of so long a time, even the actual facts she stated, and impressing upon her that she could not possibly hope to prove, to the satisfaction of a judge and jury, that the cat she had seen was, in fact, the kitten she had entrusted to the veterinary-surgeon. My arguments, however, fell upon deaf ears. The old dame was terribly in earnest, and insisted, not only that she had recognised the cat, but that the cat had immediately recognised her, and

FOUNDED 1871.

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this although it was admittedly eleven years since they had last seen one another.

I realised then that the case was hopeless, and was driven to adopt a ruse, which I always keep in reserve for emergencies such as this. I told her that I was too busy to undertake the matter myself, but I recommended her to another solicitor, who, I said, would doubtless be pleased to have her for a client. I believe he, like myself, had considerable trouble in getting rid of her, and only managed it in the end by passing her along to someone else he knew. She went, I heard, to several solicitors afterwards, and may, for aught I know to the contrary, be visiting them still.

In the above case, of course, an action was entirely out of the question. But even where there exist apparently quite good grounds for taking proceedings, legal battles about pet animals are exceedingly risky ones to wage.

This fact was brought forcibly home to my mind in connection with certain proceedings I took with reference to a dog belonging to the Hon. Mrs. Chetwynd. This was, of course, the same lady to whom I have before had occasion to allude in relation to the famous attempted kidnapping case.

She was passionately fond of animals, of which she kept a number of all sorts, including many valuable dogs that had gained prizes at various shows.

On going abroad for a somewhat lengthy period, some few years ago, she entrusted these dogs to a veterinary-surgeon, with instructions that they were to have every care and attention, and that no expense was to be spared in providing them with proper food, and so forth. Presumably, this was done, but some of the animals, nevertheless, sickened and died.

WAS IT A CHANGELING?

Mrs. Chetwynd was very much upset at this, and her grief turned to anger, when, on returning home, and receiving back the remainder of her pets, she discovered, as she thought, that for one of them another and less valuable animal had been substituted, one which was, she thought, probably the pup of the dog that she imagined was missing. This, of course, was a very serious matter, involving a suggestion of the gravest nature against the veterinary-surgeon in question. For this reason I purposely withheld his name, especially as he has since been absolutely cleared of the imputation in question.

I realised at once the difficulty there would probably be in proving that the dog returned was not the same one that had been entrusted by her to the veterinary-surgeon, and tried hard to dissuade Mrs. Chetwynd, at the beginning, from taking proceedings.

She was, however, a very determined woman, and when once she had made up her mind to a course of action, it was very difficult to turn her from it. I, therefore, decided, after several consultations with her, to go ahead, especially as she was able to produce witnesses who had known the dog well which had been entrusted to the care of the veterinary-surgeon, and who were certain, in their own minds, that the one returned to her was not the same animal.

It occurred to me that there was one point in the case that was all important, and that was the age of the dog which we had in our possession. Assuming that this was the one that had been entrusted to the veterinary-surgeon, then it must have been, at least, three years old. But if, on the other hand, it was not that one, but the pup of that one, then it was probably only about six months old, and must certainly have been under nine months.

WHEN VETS DIFFER.

Under these circumstances, the obvious course was to obtain expert opinion, and this I did. I consulted a number of veterinary-surgeons of high standing in their profession, and they one and all agreed that our dog was under nine months old. I began to feel jubilant. So did my client. Our next step was to obtain a summons against the gentleman in question for stealing the dog entrusted to his care.

In due course the case came on for trial, and I instructed Mr. (now Sir) Charles Mathews on behalf of the prosecution, and eminent counsel was briefed for the defence. Our witnesses swore that the dog we had was a changeling, and not the original dog that they had known, while our five or six "vets," called as experts, were positive that it was under nine months old. This was all right, so far as it went. But, unfortunately, from our point of view, the defence was able to produce an even greater number of eminent veterinary-surgeons, who were prepared to swear, and, in fact, did swear, that the dog, so far from being under nine months old, was aged between three and four years.

As a result, Mrs. Chetwynd lost her case. Nor did the matter end there, for, although the veterinary-surgeon, who had had the custody of her dogs, was thereby cleared of the charge brought against him, he was entitled, under the circumstances, to bring an action for damages against her, and promptly proceeded to do so. This case was, however, ultimately settled without its being brought into court.

(Mr. Pierron continues his reminiscences next week.)

OIL WELLS IN ENGLAND.

Are there petroleum deposits anywhere in England, of a similar character to those in various parts of the United States of America, at Baku, in Russia, and elsewhere?

This is the question that is just now agitating the minds of some among the more far-seeing of our naval experts, for petroleum is undoubtedly the fuel of the future, so far as warships are concerned.

At present, as Sir Boverton Redwood pointed out in his speech at Newcastle the other day, the only oil-producing countries under the British flag are Canada, Burma, and Assam. And the quantity they contribute to the world's supply is exceedingly small, when compared with the total output, which amounted last year to not less than 8,988 million gallons; sufficient, that is to say, to fill 3,456,948 ten-ton railway tank wagons, and make a train 13,749 miles long.

The underground reservoirs, whence these huge quantities are obtained, have only been tapped quite recently, and mostly accidentally. It is quite conceivable that similar subterranean oil lakes may exist beneath the surface soil of Britain.

Indeed, there have not been wanting indications that such is the case. Near Shepton Mallet, for instance, the borers of an artesian well struck crude petroleum so long ago as the year 1884. Much scepticism was expressed at the time as to the genuineness of the find, but subsequent investigations by experts confirmed the discovery.

Moreover, since then several similar borings have been attended by like results; while only a year or two back an ordinary well at Husband's Bosworth, in Leicestershire, commenced supplying oil instead of water, to the unbounded disgust of those who had been in the habit of using it.

LADY: "I am looking for a governess for my children."

Manager of Intelligence Office: "Didn't we supply you with one last week?"

"Yes."

"Well, madam, according to her report, you don't need a governess. You need a wild beast tamer."

SMART.

SLICK (to Blossom): "Is this Mr. Bloomer's office?" Blossom: "No. His office is on the other side of the passage."

Slick (leaving the door open as he walks out): "Thank you, sir."

Blossom: "Hey! Come back and close that door! Haven't you any doors in your house?"

Slick: "Yes, sir; but they all have springs on 'em. Allow me to show you, sir, my patent double-back-action-door-spring. It closes the door without a bang, and will last a lifetime."

"WILLIAM," she said, "means good. James means beloved. I wonder—"

A flush mantled her cheek.

"I wonder," she softly murmured, "what George means?"

"George means business, I hope," said mother, looking up from the Bank Holiday wedding announcements in the evening paper.

FORTUNES IN FLOWERS.

THE sudden fancy for carnations, which resulted the other day in £100 being paid for a single plant, is not to be compared with the tulip mania that broke out in Holland in the middle of the seventeenth century.

Then, as much as £1,000 was paid on several occasions for rare bulbs, and one, the *Semper Augustus*, actually changed hands for £1,700. Probably, this represents a record price for all time for a single plant, although in the early days of the orchid craze very large sums indeed were frequently paid for new varieties.

Baron Schroeder, for instance, received £365 for a unique *Cypripedium Stonei*, while another connoisseur paid £340 for a variety of *Aerides Lawrenceae*. Then, again, Mr. Sander, the famous "Orchid King" of St. Albans, actually bought back for £200 a plant he had originally sold for two guineas.

Another customer of his paid £100 for a bulb which flowered out into a new and elegant variety. The purchaser made £800 on his purchase by dividing the plant and re-selling it to connoisseurs and dealers, Mr. Sander himself giving 250 guineas for one piece, which he kept for hybridising.

So late as 1892 the orchids at Blenheim sold for no less than £5,250, many single plants fetching over £100 apiece; while Mr. Bartlett, the late superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, sold for a very considerable sum, two stray orchids that had sprung up on a rubbish-heap behind his house.

These latter represented two distinct and new varieties, but no one knew how they came there, or whence, or when. It was supposed, however, that they arrived unnoticed amongst a consignment of South American monkeys.

Mulberries can have Mumps

Plants Have their Illnesses Just Like Human Beings.



SCIENTISTS are beginning to believe that plants—some of them, at any rate—have a nervous system. The extraordinary performances of the sensitive plant, the whole of which droops when one branch is roughly touched, can only be accounted for on some such supposition.

Indeed, the more we learn about the vegetable world the more strongly we realise how narrow is the gap which divides the plant from the animal kingdom.

Plants need food, and, as with animals, some foods agree with them, and they flourish, while others do not suit them, and they dwindle and die.

They need sleep. Trees in towns that are exposed all night to the glare of electric arc lamps lose their leaves. In Montreal especially this fact has been noticed. The trees near to the big lamps, notably the elms, have died. They could not live without rest.

No plant can flourish in a draught. Exposed to a constant draught of cold air, a human being or an animal "catches cold." So does a plant.

There is one plant, the "Eutada tussiens," or coughing bean, which suffers from what strongly resembles hay fever. It is a native of hot, moist, tropical regions, and is unable to stand dust.

On the under side of its leaves are innumerable little tiny pores or mouths, through which the plant breathes. If these get choked with dust, the gases accumulate inside the leaf, and are at last expelled in a positive paroxysm of coughing.

YOU CAN VACCINATE TREES.

The leaf trembles violently, and—what is stranger still—the leaves change from their usual green tint to a reddish tinge. The poor plant actually becomes red in the face, exactly as does a man or woman when seized with a fit of choking or sneezing.

It is said that you can vaccinate trees so as to preserve them against certain diseases. An American horticulturist named Brooks has invented a preparation which will, he declares, protect any forest tree from the attacks of various parasites.

Here in England it is the practice of some forest and park-keepers to drive rusty nails into the trunks of trees. They allege that the sap becomes impregnated with iron rust, and is thus made distasteful to the caterpillars and timber-eating grubs, which destroy so many fine trees.

Every single cultivated plant is subject to certain diseases, the majority of which are frightfully contagious. The most serious in its consequences of all these is undoubtedly the potato disease.

This first broke out in Belgium in 1842, and spread like cholera. It reached Canada in 1844, came to England in the following year, and destroyed the crops in the Isle of Wight. Thence it crossed to Ireland, where it caused the fearful famine of 1846-1847.

Potatoes also suffer from "scab," a disease similar in appearance to that which sometimes affects cattle. "Curl," "wet rot," and "dry rot" are other infectious diseases, which are the bane of the potato grower.

At present the gooseberry mildew is causing great alarm in this country. It is an infectious disease which has been accidentally imported from America. The Board of Agriculture has taken up the matter, and in every garden or orchard where the disease has made its appearance every gooseberry bush is taken up and burnt.

DEFORMED PLANTS ARE VERY COMMON.

Most fruit trees are subject to the disease known as "gumming," which strongly resembles eczema in the animal world. To cure it, trees are scraped and washed and anointed with a healing mixture.

Apples often suffer from a complaint known as "American blight." The best remedy is to scrub trunk and branches with a strong solution of brine.

Oranges and lemons and all citrus trees are terribly subject to various infectious diseases. One strongly resembles smallpox; another bears a really terrible likeness to cancer, for the trunk becomes eaten away by degrees.

This disease is most difficult to cure, and usually ends in the death of the affected tree, which either dies outright, falls, or is blown down.

Usually, a particular disease attacks only one species of tree. But this is not always the case. In 1902 a new disease appeared in the Riviera, and attacked a dozen different sorts of fruits simultaneously. Star-like excrescences appeared on the leaves, and the affected plants rapidly died.

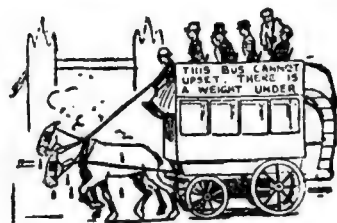
Deformities are even more common among plants than in the animal world. The so-called "witches' brooms" on birch, cherry, beech, fir, pine, spruce, and larch are a common example. Mulberry trees are sometimes afflicted with lump-like wens, which, by a small stretch of imagination, might be termed "mumps."

Ox-eyed daisies and plantains often show deformed flower heads, while a stalk of foxgloves will sometimes produce at its top one huge sunflower-like bloom.

Warble sweetly on the flute. Press the motor fog-horn—Toot! ! !

"Very Good! Clear the way."

Musty Acts We Must Obey



Ignorance is No Excuse.

"I NEVER heard of such a law," said a Woolwich woman in utter amazement, when fined three shillings for failing to give notice to the police that she had found a stray dog.

"That will not avail," replied the magistrate. "There are thousands of Acts of Parliament, but everyone is expected to know all of them."

The Act under which the Woolwich woman was fined in June last happened to be a new one. But there are vast numbers of old laws quite lost to public memory which are yet liable to be resurrected for your benefit, or the reverse—usually the reverse!

For instance, a man was arrested at Barnstaple because he was trotting his horse and cart through the streets. He was naturally much surprised. He found, however, to his cost, that there exists a law forbidding *springless* carts to be trotted along the high road.

Speaking of vehicles, there is a law by which all London horse omnibuses are required to carry beneath the flooring a heavy weight to counterbalance any tendency to capsize when full outside.

"Should think our horses have enough to pull already, without weights under the floor," scornfully replied a driver when told of this regulation. "I never saw a 'bus with one."

Like scores of similar grandmotherly acts of legislation, the 'bus balance law has been lost, and, now that the days of horse-drawn 'buses are numbered, will probably never be revived.

THEY COULDN'T MAKE BRISTOL PAY.

We have heard a deal of the so-called "Right to Work" Bill which has lately been before Parliament. A few weeks ago two men applied to the West Ham Board of Guardians to put into force the provisions of a long-lost "Right to Work" Act, which was passed over three centuries ago, in the days of Queen Bees.

This Act set forth that any man or woman unable to obtain work could be set to work by the parish, and that iron, hemp, flax, etc., could be bought to provide the work. The wages paid must be reasonable, and could be sued for in the County Court.

The Act has never been repealed, and the Board has applied to the Local Government Board for powers to act in the matter.

A statute even more musty than the last mentioned was revived a few years ago to supplement a defect in the Inebriate Act of 1898. A woman drunkard of Bristol, committed for three years to a home, was released, after twelve months, on licence. She came to London, again took to drink, and the Bristol authorities refused to have anything more to do with her. The Home Office was applied to, but found that the Act gave them no powers to force Bristol to act in the matter.

The woman came before the magistrate of the North London Police Court, and he dug up an Act of Edward III. passed in the year 1360, by which he was able to call on the woman to find surety for £20 to keep the peace for six months, or, in default, go to prison for three months.

Similarly, Mr. Horace Smith, of the Westminster Police Court, threatened to revive an ancient Act for the purpose of dealing with the Suffragettes after their pantomimic raid on the House of Commons in February last.

ACTS SPEEDILY GET FORGOTTEN.

A year or so ago the Servants' Character Act of 1792 was introduced at Southwark Police Court. A barman having been fined £10 for obtaining a situation by means of a false character, the prosecutor requested that half the fine might go to him as informer. The Act said, "A penalty up to £20 may be imposed, the half of which may go to the informer and half to the poor of the parish."

The application was, however, refused, for, as the clerk pointed out, the penalties now go to the Receiver of Police.

It does not take very long for an Act of Parliament to pass into the limbo of forgetfulness. Take, for instance, the Shop Assistants Act. This provided that an adequate number of seats should be provided for the assistants, and that they should be allowed to use them in a reasonable way.

The Act has become a dead letter. True, the seats are there, but the unfortunate girls know better than to use them. If the shop walker sees a girl sitting down for a moment or two he will say, "You are tired, miss." The girl knows the words are a warning. If he sees her seated a second time he says, "You are very tired, miss." This constitutes a final warning. A third offence is punished by immediate dismissal.

How I Climbed the Ladder

A Series of Fascinating Life Stories of Successful Men and Women Told in an Original Way. Begin Reading at the Bottom of the Column.

"UNCLE BONES," of Margate, Most Famous of all Nigger Minstrels.

But plenty of life in the old dog yet. Lately refused offer of £15 a week to appear in new musical comedy. Going in for municipal affairs and mean to be a Town Councillor for Margate.

The saddest day of my life. Retire to devote myself to shooting, fishing, and gardening.

My most memorable benefit. Over 15,000 people present. On the platform, among others, Sir Henry Irving, Miss Clara Jinks, Miss Kate Cutler, John L. Toole, and Arthur Roberts. Tole decorated me with a special medal presented by Arthur Roberts.

During this period average weekly takings over £50—after first year or two. This divided into eleven equal parts, one for each of the ten of us, one for reserve, but my share increased by royalties on chairs and songs.

My troupe and I appear in *Gentleman Joe*, at Prince of Wales's Theatre, London. Great success.

Lady of title presents me with gold ring with "Good Luck," set in diamonds.

Among famous members of my troupe, at one time or another, may mention Mr. Arthur Roberts and Chirgwin, the White-Eyed Kaffer.

Washed away by storm. This a frequent occurrence.

Went to Boulogne and started on sands. Immediately arrested; imprisoned on suspicion of being Communists.

Went to Madrid with troupe. Impresario bolted with takings. Locked up for singing in the streets to raise our fares.

Perform a lot on the Continent and in pantomimes, but always back for Margate for the season, during which I receive on an average three offers of marriage a week—spare my blushes.

Proudest moment of my life. Perform before H.R.H. The Prince of Wales at Parkington Castle, Lord Aylesford's place. Later appear at Marlborough House.

Ambition awoke in my manly buzzum, determined to do something on my own. Always could sing a bit, so bought a concertina for 3s. 6d. I went to Broadstairs and started singing on the sands. Made 7s. 6d. Nearly bust with pride and opulence.

Assisted to manage Theatre Royal, Margate. Begun in humble capacity as call-boy, gas-boy, messenger-boy, anybody's boy. Advanced to scene-shifting, scene-painting, taking money at the box-office, tooting in the orchestra. Also acted. Fire brigade called out.

Aged three, started climbing the ladder—by falling off it—behind the scenes of the Theatre Royal, Margate.

Born, Margate, 1841, but I don't feel a day over forty, and am willing to take on with the bones or knuckles any galoot who says I look more. Christened Alfred, surname Bone.

1908.

1906.

1897.

1887.

1877.

1867.

1864.

1847.

1844.

Margate Sands. For adventures—all out of order—see small bills this and other side.

—Abandon stage, though not for good and start on Margate Sands. No sands then, all beach, so used to go about on my lonesome, singing to people on the sands. Gradually accumulated a troupe of ten.

During this period met my famous "stars," including Barry Sullivan, Chas. Matthews, and John L. Toole. That is, I met them at the station; they gave me their carpet-bags to carry. Thought of myself as a neglected genius.

THE other day the proprietor of a cocoanut sly was sharply fined at Lincoln for an ingenious swindle. Several of his cocoanuts were found to be not the fruit of tropic palm, but heavy metal imitations.

The result was that many fair-goers wasted their pennies in vain attempts to upset nuts which even a Hirst could hardly have toppled from their pinnacles.

One can understand a swindle or hoax of this kind, one in which the swindler makes something out of his swindle.

But the sense of humour, which finds amusement in pointlessly wasting the time of a number of harmless people, is more difficult to comprehend.

Such a hoax spoilt a Saturday for some 2,000 hard-working people at Shaw, near Oldham. A visitor alleged that he had invented a new electrical method of felling chimneys, and stated that he had been commissioned to demolish a very large chimney in the neighbourhood, and that he would bring it down within twenty minutes of the time he started operations.

A crowd, estimated at over 2,000, gathered to watch the chimney razed, and waited over two hours before they arrived at the conclusion that they had been pointlessly duped.

A similar pointless hoax took place in August seven years ago. A notice appeared in certain local papers that the gipsy king would be crowned at High Beech, Epping Forest. The time was fixed for three on a Saturday afternoon.

BOURNEMOUTH ONCE WAS HOAXED.

An immense number of people turned up, some in brakes and carriages, some on horseback, some afoot. But there were no gipsies and no coronation, and how the joke originated was a puzzle which has never been solved.

Bournemouth once suffered from a similar senseless sell. About three years ago the Mayor of that beautiful south coast resort received "official" intimation of a visit from the Channel Fleet to execute a naval demonstration.

The whole town prepared to make holiday. Bills "To the Channel Fleet" were posted on the tram-cars, and the children in all the schools were granted a whole holiday.

No fleet appeared. The "official" intimation was a flat forgery.

One of the most extraordinary of spectacular swindles was worked at Carlsruhe, in Germany, in September, 1905. A young writer named Wassman announced that he was going to start upon a career as "hunger artist."

He had a brick cell constructed in a certain hotel, and cards of invitation to view him being bricked up and cut off from food for thirty days were issued.

Some hundreds of people bought tickets of admission. Imagine their feelings when the young man calmly told them that he had not the slightest intention of starving himself, that his only idea had been to make a little money, and that he was delighted he had found so many fools ready to part with their cash!

EVER HEARD OF THE CARDIFF GIANT?

His speech roused the spectators to fury. While some smashed the cell to atoms, others wrecked the whole hotel; while an angry crowd chased Wassman himself, caught him, and nearly pounded the life out of him before he was rescued by a strong body of police.

The most famous hoax of the nineteenth century was undoubtedly the so-called "Cardiff Giant."

On October 16th, 1869, tremendous excitement was caused by a report that the petrified body of a prehistoric giant had been discovered at Cardiff, in the State of New York, by some men who were digging a well.

Crowds flocked to see the wonder. Newell, the finder, made £1,400 in a week. Barnum offered £12,000 down for it, but his offer was rejected.

The finder took the "giant" round from town to town. In one day 4,000 people paid 2s. apiece to see it.

Eventually, it was discovered that the amazing prehistoric relic had been carved at Boone, in Iowa, by an Italian stonecutter, and that from this town it had been secretly sent to Newell's farm and buried at dead of night. As the huge stone image weighed almost 3,000lb., the cleverness of the perpetrators of the fake is really extraordinary.

Now Be Very Careful!



Or You May Get Hoaxed on Your Holiday.

Alfred Bone
"Uncle Bones"

Snap-shots



Photography Can Boast of Wonderful Development.

NO BRANCH of science has shown greater progress during the last few months than photography, and it seems as if almost a revolution were taking place in photographic methods. By an invention which is now being tried it may be possible to take photographs without any apparatus whatever excepting the plate, and by another process photographs may be printed without any light at all.

It is to Professor Lippmann, of the Paris University, that we are indebted for the wonderful Argus-eyed plate, which requires neither separate lens nor camera. The surface of the plate is covered with tiny lenses, of which there are fifteen thousand in the square inch, the whole forming a kind of gelatine honeycomb.

This plate has merely to be exposed to the object for a certain time, and then it can be covered and treated. The result is a wonderful photograph, which is far different from any now known, as the objects stand up in relief as though seen through a stereoscope, and the perspective is not distorted, which is the case with most present methods.

By the Donisthorpe process photographs need no longer be taken upon glass or similar transparent substances. The photographs are taken upon black paper. Prints can be taken from these negatives, and also the usual kind, by immersing them in a dye; the paper is placed in close contact, and when pulled off the negative contains a faithful reproduction of the same colour as the dye used. Thus a multitude of various coloured photographs can be obtained, irrespective of illumination.

INVISIBLE OBJECTS CAN BE PHOTOGRAPHED.

New uses are being found for photography in all the branches of human labour. As an example, it may be mentioned that flaws in metal which cannot be detected by the human eye are rendered visible by the photographic plate.

In astronomy photography has widened the field enormously. Not only can the stars be recorded with the greatest accuracy, but the photographic plate sees more than twice as many stars as are visible to the human eye aided by the most powerful telescope. More than this, the sensitive plate is capable of resolving what appears as a single star to the human eye into a number of astronomical bodies. Many astral bodies which appear to the human eye to be stars, photography has shown to be of a nebulous constitution.

The same assistance has been given to the diametrically opposed science of microscopy. Special glasses have been invented from which lenses have been manufactured which completely transmit ultra-violet rays, so as to photograph objects otherwise invisible, because below the resolving power of the most powerful microscope. By this marvellous advance of photography it is possible that an object measuring only 1-725,000,000 part of an inch in length may be brought to view.

POOR, BLIND CREATURES!

Photographing through opaque substances has now ceased to be novel, but very interesting instantaneous pictures have been taken recently by means of the X-rays. These rays, as well as those which are utilised in wireless telegraphy, are really only manifestations of light to which our eyes are blind, but which can be detected by the sensitive plate.

The modern photographic plate is responsive to many rays which have no effect at all upon the human retina, and so many things which were unknown and unsuspected have been revealed to us. It is now known that many things exist which are not perceptible at all to the unassisted observer.

It has been found that many properties which were considered to be quite exceptional are common. For instance, phosphorescence has been proved to exist in every substance, and so from day to day the photographic plate is revealing new marvels, and is showing that we are really only poor, blind creatures feeling about in the dark.

Although our range of vision is limited, it varies in different individuals, and photographic experiments have shown that the whole world appears different to each of us, and no two of us see alike. In technical language, the length of the visible spectrum varies with the individual—that is to say, each individual has a different capacity for detecting colour.

So it is that we now possess a number of seeing machines which enable us to perceive forms of light to which we have been perfectly blind. There are endless forms of light, or vibrations of the ether, to use the scientific phrase, of which we should have had no knowledge except for such seeing instruments. In fact, until recently we have had no more knowledge of these radiations than a man who had lived his life in darkness would have of light.

"Oh, I wish I hadn't told him about that!" Most young women have had that feeling at one time or another, and it is rather disagreeable to realise that you have said something to a young man which ought never to have been mentioned.

When in doubt—keep silent; that is excellent advice to any young woman in her dealings with a lover, for there are certain things which should not be alluded to. True enough, a girl should be free and open with her lover, but is not there such a thing as wise discretion?

Take the family circle; now, it is very unwise of a girl to become too confidential with her sweetheart regarding the doings of her own family. It would be a very different matter were they married, but as sweethearts only, why, it is indiscreet to confide over much in a young man.

A girl, say, has an uncle, an out-and-out blackguard—has, in fact, been in prison. Not a single soul outside of the family circle knows anything about him or his history; yet a girl, in a case of the kind, thinks nothing of blurring out the whole truth to her lover.

Now, it is all very well so long as the girl and young man remain lovers, but sweethearts have been known to part before now, and if a young man is sent about his business, and perhaps departs in high dudgeon possessed of such knowledge—well, it may prove rather awkward for the girl and her family some day. Most honourable young fellows would never dream of using such knowledge, but there are dishonourable men as well as the other kind.

Everyone, more or less, has a skeleton in the cupboard, and in the case of a girl and a lover it is wisdom on her part to let the poor old skeleton rest quietly, and not drag it into the light of day for the purpose of showing off its imperfections. For all that, girls tell their lovers the most carefully guarded family secrets—the most foolish thing they could do. Such matters, if they must be referred to, could surely rest till after the wedding ceremony, when, of course, there would be less risk in disclosing them.

Here's another thing which girls are prone to do. A young woman, having got hold of a real lover at last, foolishly tells him all about her former affairs of the heart and the young men concerned. It is madness to do so, of course, for the more silent girls are over such matters the better, for if the young

We, or, at least, a great many of us, are fond of drawing comparisons between ourselves and our grandfathers, usually to the disadvantage of the latter.

Well, our grandfathers may have had strong vices and many bad faults, but, at all events, they were not half such credulous fools as we, their "enlightened" grandchildren, are to-day. Against the rogue, the quack, the swindler of any kind, our grandfathers had practically only their own wits to protect them. They had little or no press to warn them against and to expose the wiles of the adventurer, and even if there had been, a large section of the community could not read.

Nevertheless, for one among our grandfathers who was gulled by an impostor, probably, at least, twenty of us are deceived to-day, and by the very same hoary artifices that took in our "ignorant" ancestors.

Really, our gullibility is as amazing as it is gross. Take the "confidence trick." So widely has that been exposed in the Press, that it would appear that none but an idiot could ever be victimised by it again.

Yet scarcely a week passes that its successful working is not recorded in police-court annals.

And, mind you, the victims are not ploughmen from our few remaining fields. They are usually persons of considerable education and position, and only the other day we had the perfectly astounding spectacle of the confidence trick in *excelsis* being successfully worked on a famous financier.

Then there is the "three card trick." Again it would seem incredible that any sane person should allow himself to be "skinned" at it in these days. Yet the plucked geese show no signs of diminishing in numbers, and a recent victim to the three card trick was an Army officer, who was said to be a particularly shrewd racing man.

The "Spanish prisoner" yearly takes a heavy toll of the credulous, although once more it would be thought that none but little children, or hopeless imbeciles, could ever again succumb to his wiles.

From the success that these three tricks still obtain, though exposed times without number, I think it would be fair to say that we are far more gullible than those upon whom they were first worked.

But let us go farther afield, and, in examining some other forms of the "confidence trick"—for the "c.t." is, after all, the father and mother of all

Don't tell him



By Our Heart Specialist,

All the Secrets

man chances to be of a jealous disposition trouble may very easily ensue.

Take another type of case illustrating that silence is golden. Consider the foolish girl who proudly tells her lover that "Dad gave £5 for this coat I'm wearing."

The young man expresses mild astonishment, and is frankly told that "Dad wouldn't dare refuse me anything—I should like to see the man who would."

Believe me, that is the sort of conversation which a fool entertains her lover with. A sensible girl never does such a thing. She never alludes to the cost of this or that article of wearing apparel, knowing that it might cost her something else—a lover, in all likelihood.

No, it does not do to be too confidential over a matter of that kind, more especially if the young fellow has only a meagre salary. It frightens him away; he knows he could not afford such goods, and, rather than run the risk of having a discontented wife, he gives the girl up and seeks out a more sensible one—one who does not care a button what an article costs.

It is very true that some young men are dreadfully inquisitive, and are always wanting to know all about this or that. Their very persistence, on occasion, makes a girl weak, and almost before she realises what she is doing the truth is out, a secret is disclosed, and probably the poor girl is very, very sorry for it afterwards.

A lover most certainly should not be told everything. There are always things which it would not be good for him to know, and it is well for a young woman to be on guard, as other girls have a peculiar habit of, on occasion, in a subtle manner setting a girl's lover to quiz her deliberately on points over which they have certain doubts. No, they don't tell the young fellow that; he is not aware that he is being used as a tool, but it often happens.

Of course, girls must remember that all this cuts the other way—a girl should not be told everything by her lover. Indeed, the man is a fool who would do so, for undoubtedly there are plenty of things which a sweetheart should know nothing about—not, at any rate, until marriage is an accomplished fact.

The difficulty lies in knowing what may or may not have untoward consequences; but as to that, why, just let a girl think before she speaks, and let her never be drawn into saying things which may bring sore regrets afterwards.

Are We



By Our Own Pessimist,

Grossly Gullible?

swindles—find still more convincing proof of our gross credulity.

Our ancestors certainly made fools of themselves over the "South Sea Bubble," but what about the tons of hard-won treasure that we annually pour into companies, as rotten, as obviously rotten, as that in Walpole's time

for making bricks out of sawdust, or extracting gold from the sands of the sea.

The lures of the bogus company promoter have been exposed and described *ad nauseam*, and yet he has but to go fishing with his bait of 10, 15, 20, 30 per cent. to make a catch of "gobies" and "gulls."

But, to pass from financial hawks and gulls, with the remark that the bait for the latter is always the same, viz., an impossible percentage on their capital, let us turn to other varieties of credulous asses.

Doubtless there are patent medicines on the market which are excellent specifics for the ailments for which they are intended. But there are certainly many quack medicines sold which are as patently worthless as the most ridiculous nostrums of any bawling Cheap Jack at an old-time country fair. What sort of intelligence have those who buy "medicines" which profess to cure anything, from cancer and consumption to "housemaid's knee" and warts? Yet such decoctions are sold by thousands of bottles and boxes.

Closely allied to quack medicines are the quack specifics of "beauty doctors," etc. Poor, purblind "gulls," who cheerfully pay large sums for pastes and lotions that are to restore the bloom and softness of seventeen to the withered cheek of seventy, that will eradicate the wrinkles of time and trouble, that will make snub noses aquiline, that in a week will restore the ravages of years.

Then there are the gulls who swallow the antique dealers' spurious goods; the gulls who believe that everything in the newspapers must be true; the gulls who will accept any religion, provided it is "new"; the gulls who think that agitators are disinterested; the gulls who imagine that we can for ever go on "muddling through" as a nation; there are many other sorts and conditions of gulls, big and small.

And so I say, not only is our gullibility gross, but our greed for gold insensate, and only equalled by our dislike of honest toil.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.



His LITTLE ROSE

A Charming Story of an Irish Girl.

By BARRY SHEIL.

It was market-day at Ballygawn, and among the very fair sprinkling of womankind in the square was one, Molly Ryan, who had come in on foot from Bansheen with her brother.

Molly was twenty-nine, and, according to the spitefully-disposed among her own sex, had "missed her markit." She was still a spinster, seemingly oblivious to the passing of time, still resolved to settle down—not in the mere giddiness of youth, but with that ripe perfection of wisdom which characterises one who has seen the world and knows its wicked ways—the ways of "deluding men," who can put on so fair a coat of whitewash previous to matrimony, yet are so sooty black within the cavernous chimneys of their souls.

But, though Molly confessed to twenty-nine, she always added that she did not feel it. She had cheeks like winter apples, firm white teeth, an equally firm mouth, and hair as black as raven's feathers.

To Father Condon she had recently admitted that if she could only meet a promising young man, she would cheerfully give up her single blessedness for that state of double uncertainty which is called matrimony.

But when Father Condon had mentioned in that connection the name of Phadrig M'Gee, Miss Molly had been frankly contemptuous.

"Och, thin," she said, with a smirk, "ye wouldn't have me throw meself away on that young flitterbat, yer riverence?"

"Flitterbat? Why, the man's five years older than yourself, Molly! He's already asked you twice, he tells me. Why don't you marry him and have done with it?"

But Molly would have none of the proposal, her principal objection to Phadrig being his wildness. It was in vain that Father Condon argued that the man was no wilder than the rest and that Molly's influence would probably have a sobering effect upon him, and he had gone away at last, discomfited.

Phadrig M'Gee had sold his dozen sheep and the three fat bullocks, and so was in a position to visit his friends and play the critic and philosopher.

"Well, well, Patsy Nolan," he said, "an' it is pity or money ye expect to get for them pigs? Faith, the poor craythurs 'ud need nursin' afore they'd make bacon! Did they walk in, did ye say? Wid them thin legs? Ah, now, ye're jokin'! Sure, they're eatin' the stones this minute!"

"An' is it sellin' the wee black cow ye are, Micky Ryan? To be partin' wid it after all these years, an' it brought up wid ye like a child! 'Tis a mean trick to be playin' the poor baste entirely!"

"Whisht, Phadrig! Don't be runnin' down what ye niver had the likes av yerself!" said Mr. Ryan, good-humouredly.

"Is it me runnin' it down? Sure, I've too much respect for its age!"

"Ye've respect for nothin', Phadrig M'Gee!" Phadrig swung round and found himself face to face with Molly Ryan.

"I've great respect for you, Miss Molly," he said. "An' by the same token I'll buy the wee cow if yer brother here'll make a fair price."

"Maybe we'd have to go search for the money," said Molly, with a sniff.

Phadrig jingled his pockets. "That's the chune for ye to dance to," he said. "Sure, I'm in the best av luck this blessed day."

"Ye'd best kape yer luck, thin, and not go spindin' it on folly. The cow's sold, annyway."

"Ye've a sharp tongue to ye still, Miss Molly," said Mr. M'Gee.

"'Tis me misfortune," she said. "Yet 'tis eatin' me heart out for a sound av it I've been these many months," said the man lightly, yet with a note of seriousness in his voice.

"Sure, thin, 'tis been nurishin' meat that same heart o' yours, Phadrig M'Gee," said Molly, with a relenting smile.

"Ah, well, 'tis little pity I get . . . Will ye be goin' back soon thin, Miss Molly?"

"It's on the way I am this very minute. But ye'll be ahtayn' till the boys get wild, I'm thinkin'."

"I will not, thin! If ye've a mind for company, I'll take the road wid ye."

Molly pulled her shawl a little further over her shining black hair, and smiled once more.

"Well, come on thin," she said. "'Twill be a good deed entirely to take ye away from temptation."

They steered their way through the tangle of beasts, passed the alluring entrance to Mrs. Mulcahy's bar, crossed the wide, stone bridge, and turned out of the town along the Ballyclogher road. The noise died away behind them; before them stretched the valley and the green hills.

"Ye've been terrible hard on me up to now, Molly," said Mr. M'Gee, holding a lighted match to his pipe.

"Och, thin, ye're such a wild wee man!" replied Molly deprecatingly.

"An' why shouldn't a man be wild in his young days?" asked Phadrig. "An' ould sinner's had to see."

"Yes, for sure. But there's no call for ye to go roarin' an' fightin' and spindin' yer money, Phadrig M'Gee."

"Sure, I haven't spent a penny on dhrink this blessed day; no, nor put me fishts up wance!"

"An' how's that, thin?"

"Faith, wasn't ye there wid them eyes o' yours, Molly?"

"Ye never come to Mass, or anything that's dacint."

"Sure, I'll go if ye'll sit by me, and show me the places in the book."

"It's fine I'd look doin' the like av that!"

"But, sure, if 'twas part of yer duty thin? . . . Ye'd best marry me, asthore, an' thin ye'll have the thrainin' of as good a man as iver shteppe

on two feet!"

"Arrah, now, just listen to him!" exclaimed Molly, tossing her black head. "On two feet, is it? Faith, if ye shteppe on wan foot, or none at all, I'd do better wid ye, for thin ye wouldn't be wanderin' round to faira an' the like, an' dancin' wid ivery colleen that gev a wink at ye!"

"I'd go nowhere widout ye're leave, Molly. It's takin' in hand I want, d'ye see?" His voice lost its lightness and became suddenly grave. "'Tis the last time I shall trouble ye, mo chroidhe. I'm about done. Is it 'ye' or 'no,' Molly?"

"Faith, thin, 'tis 'no,' Phadrig M'Gee. D'ye think I'd take a gallivant such as ye are? Sure, 'tis a fine tale that ye'll reform after marriage! Whin I see the beginnin's av it, I'll believe, not before! So, 'tis 'Good afternoon' I'll be sayin' to ye, Mr. M'Gee!"

They parted, and a few minutes later Phadrig was imbibing forgetfulness from a tankard in the King's Arms.

Two days later Father Condon looked in on Molly for one of his periodical chats. When he rose to go; it was somewhat hastily.

"Dear me," he said, "I quite forgot. I must run round to Phadrig M'Gee's cottage on my way home, and see how he is, poor fellow!"

"What's the matter wid him, your riverence?" asked Molly quickly.

She had not seen Phadrig since the day on which she had refused him for the third time.

"A severe attack of rheumatism, I believe," replied Father Condon. "Can't move his legs, poor fellow! It's a bad job, and no one to do a thing for him. I must see if I can't get some kindly-disposed person to look in on him now and again. Good afternoon, Miss Ryan."

"Now what did he mean by that?" queried Molly, looking after the father's tall, portly form.

She swept up the immaculate tidy hearth, drew a comfortable chair to the side of the fireplace, and sat down.

Soon she became conscious of a vague feeling of discomfort. She felt, somehow, that she had not treated Phadrig any too well. After all, as Father Condon had said, he was a good man, and not much wilder than the rest. If she let him go, he might run downhill headlong, and finally land in a situation upon which the good father was particularly eloquent. She would not care to be in any way responsible for a thing like that.

And now he was ill!

Molly got up restlessly, prepared, and sat down to her tea.

But the meal was not a success, her buttered toast tasted gritty, even her tea—1s. 8d. the pound, weighed without the wrapper, she took good care of that—seemed flavourless.

Having made but a poor meal, she got up and went to the window. There had been a sprinkling of snow, but now the stars shone frostily. Away up the slope on the other side of the valley a faint light twinkled. It was Phadrig M'Gee's cottage, and Phadrig was there alone—and ill!

Suddenly Molly left the window. She pulled down a thick red shawl from its peg, put on her clogs, and wrapped the shawl round her.

"Sure, 'tis most improper," she murmured; "but if the man's in trouble, there's surely no harm thin. I'll run over and put a sight on him."

With her hand on the door she paused and came back again. She filled a jug with the fresh-made tea, and carefully tucked it under her arm.

"Belike 'twill comfort him a thriffe," she said hopefully. "And, annyway, 'tis an excuse I will be havin' for comin' at all, at all."

Ten minutes or so later she was knocking at the door of Phadrig M'Gee's cottage.

"Shtep in!" said an unenthusiastic voice from the interior.

She opened the door. Phadrig M'Gee, swathed in an ancient dressing-gown, lent him by Father Condon, sat in a hard chair by the table. He scarcely turned his head as Molly entered.

"Who is it?"

"Sure, 'tis me, Phadrig—Molly Ryan"; she was amazed at her own timidity.

"What d'yer want?" growled the interesting invalid. Molly looked round at the squalid cottage, and her heart smote her.

"Sure," she said, "I've just run over to see how ye was fairin'. Father Condon towled me. See!" she hunted round for a cup. "I've brought ye somethin'."

"What?"

"A crutch o' tay—all nice and hot."

"Tay?"

"Yes, tay," she coaxed, and poured some of it into a cracked cup. Then, while he drank it, she brought forward a low stool and sat down at his feet.

"Now tell me av it," she invited; "the rheumatism, Phadrig. 'Tis bad for sure."

"'Tis a judgment on ye, asthore," he said solemnly. "A judgment?" she said.

"Aye," he answered. "Did ye not tell me if I shteppe on wan foot, or no foot at all, ye'd do better wid me, belike? Sure, thin, here I am widout the use of me legs at all, at all. 'Tis a judgment for sure!"

"Och, 'tis dreadful, Phadrig dear," murmured the repentant Molly.

"Thim's good words, Molly—'Phadrig dear'—say thim again."

She repeated them to Phadrig's great satisfaction. Then all at once his face fell again.

"Sure, 'tis swate to hear," he said drearly; "but too tantalisin'. 'Tis no good I'd be to anywan, all ate up wid aches an' pains as I be. Ye wouldn't take a man wid lega like two sticks, Molly?"

"Faith, I would, thin, and that's honest, Phadrig dear!"

The invalid's face expressed the liveliest satisfaction. "That's good," he said, "that's good, mo chroidhe! But supposin' the use av 'em kem back?"

"Sure, I'd love him the better!"

Phadrig threw a curious glance at his long legs, pathetically extended on a chair. Suddenly he threw them off and sprang to his feet, clasping Molly in his arms as she rose.

"What's this at all?" cried Molly.

"'Twas put on, darlin'—'twas all a game. I knew ye'd a fancy for me, an' so'd Father Condon. I towled him what ye said to me that day, an' we hatched it up between us."

"Arrah, thin, 'twas a wicked thing!" cried Molly, drawing sharply away from him. "An' him a priest o' the Church, an' all!"

"Sure he said 'twas doin' evil that good might come," protested Phadrig. "'Twas the good father's faith in your kind heart, mo chroidhe. Don't be angry because me legs is sound, an' I haven't an ache or a pain anywhere. Be kind, darlin', be kind."

And Molly was so happy that she was very kind.

"How do you like your new neighbour?"

"O, he's the kind of man that saves his longest story to tell while we are holding the front door open for him to go."

Miss Jones: "It seems to me that all the nicest men are married."

Mrs. Brown: "Well, dear, they weren't always so nice, you know; they've only been caught early and tamed."

The governess was giving young Tommy his daily grammar lesson.

"An abstract noun," she explained, "is the name of something which you can think of but you cannot touch. Can you give me an example?"

Tommy: "A red-hot poker."

RECORD PARLIAMENTARY PETITIONS.

THE huge petition in support of the Licensing Bill, which was presented to the House of Commons by Mr. Henderson the other day, embracing six hundred thousand signatures and weighing over half a ton, is undoubtedly a pretty big thing in its way. But there have been bigger ones.

The famous petition in favour of the people's charter, for instance, the threatened presentation of which, at Westminster, by two hundred thousand Chartists, caused much consternation in London on April 10th, 1848! This weighed considerably over a ton, and was said by its originators to contain upwards of three million signatures.

The latter statement was an exaggeration, for the actual number, as counted afterwards by the Committee of Inquiry, was slightly under two millions. Even so, and allowing for duplicates and forgeries—of which there were undoubtedly many—it remains the biggest concrete expression of opinion ever laid before the Bar of the House.

There have, however, been several lengthier petitions presented to the parliaments of other countries. That, for instance, which the "League de la Patrie Française" got up in 1899 against the proposed revision of the Dreyfus case, was signed by three million people inside of five or six weeks.

In 1890, again, a petition measuring over eleven miles in length was presented to the Austrian Reichsrath, protesting against any further concessions to the Czechs. This colossal document was stated to contain 4,500,000 signatures.

Even this record has been beaten by America, where a so-called "women's petition"—which was, however, signed equally by adults of both sexes—in favour of the prohibition of the liquor traffic contained more than five millions of names.

SHOULD DIVORCE BE MADE EASIER?

The Opinions of Several Famous People:
See this Week's

M. A. P.

Edited by T. P. O'CONNOR.

On Sale Everywhere. One Penny.

My word, if I catch you without RHYME-STICKS!

CHEATED.

"UPON my word," remarked a young man at a recent sports' meeting, "there is no satisfying some people!"

"What's up now?" inquired his companion.

"Why," replied the first speaker, "there's that young Springley, who has just won that twenty-guinea cup!"

"Well, and isn't he satisfied?"

"No!" replied the other, "he's just gone over to have a row with the secretary because it's empty!"

He: "Have you any reason for doubting what I say?"

She: "Yes, I have."

He: "What is it?"

She: "I don't believe you."

CALLER: "And are your papa and mamma going to take you with them to London?"

Tommy: "Yes."

Caller: "And aren't you afraid?"

Tommy: "No. I ain't frightened o' nothin'. I've been vaccinated."

ONE LIVES AND LEARNS.

AN old captain and his mate went into a restaurant near the docks and ordered dinner. The waiter placed a plate of curious liquid before them.

"I say, young fellow, what's this stuff?" shouted the captain.

"Soup, sir," replied the waiter.

"Soup?" shouted the old sea-dog; "soup, Bill" (turning to the mate), "just think of that! Here you and me have been sailing on soup all our lives an' never knowed it till now."

"COMMERCIALISM," said the actor, "is the curse of the age. Gadzooks, in the village scene in Act Two I note that you have painted advertisements on the scenery. Beastly advertisements of pills and things."

"But, laddie," protested the scene-painter, "we want it to look like a real English meadow."

"WHAT is the matter?" said the lawyer to his coachman.

"The horses are running away."

"Can't you pull them up?"

"I am afraid not."

"Then," said the lawyer, after a judicial delay, "run into something cheap."

HEVIDENTLY HUNEDGICATED.

SCENE: Soldiers' barrack-room at dinner-time.

Orderly officer (inspecting men's dinner) asks: "Any complaints?"

Voice from the end of the table: "Yes, sir."

Officer: "Well, what is it?"

Voice: "Spuds is bad, sir."

Officer: "Spuds is bad! Haw-er," turning to sergeant. "Spuds is bad! Haw! what does he mean by spuds, sergeant?"

Sergeant (glaring at culprit): "The man is higherunt, sir. 'E means 'taters.'"

IN a north-country town the other day an Irishman was standing at the corner of a street, his head all bandages, and using crutches, when a friend, on seeing him, shouted:

"Halloa, Mike, what's the matter?"

"I bet Rooney a half-crown he couldn't carry me up a three-storey ladder. I won!"

"YES," said the gilded youth, passing his hand wearily across his forehead, "we men who have to toil for our money—"

"Toil for money!" shouted his companion. "Why, have you ever worked in your life? I thought you got all your money from your father."

"I do," sighed the youth. "Do you happen to know my father?"

MISDIRECTED ENERGY.

A YOUNG couple in a northern city got married some time ago, and took up their abode in a little villa in the suburbs. Everything in the house was of the latest, and gave unmixed satisfaction.

But one evening, when the husband returned from business, he found, to his disgust, that a water-pipe had burst. The rooms were flooded, and the carpets, which were the husband's special pride, were in danger of being spoiled.

"Well, well," said he impatiently to his wife, "why on earth didn't you hammer the pipe up? Here, give me the hammer, and I'll do it in a twinkling."

He got the hammer, and pounded away at a pipe down the cellar.

When he had finished he paused to examine the result of his labour. Then, to his annoyance, he heard the sweetly-chiding voice of his wife at the top of the stairs:

"Howard!" said she, "the gas has gone out, and the water is still running."

I.O.G.T.

A BOOTBLACK in Manchester had painted on his box the letters, I.O.G.T.

The other day one of his customers, after having his shoes cleaned, gave the lad a penny and remarked that he was very glad to see he was a member of the Independent Order of Good Templars.

"No," said the lad, "it don't mean that. It means, 'I Often Get Tuppence.'"

GOT THE INSPECTOR.

AN inspector was recently examining some boys in a suburban Board school, and asked one of them to parse the following sentence: "Hark! How the lark sings."

When he reached the noun the inspector stopped him, and said, "You're wrong, Tommy. You said 'masculine gender.'"

"Yes sir," replied Tommy.

"Well, it's not," returned the inspector; "I thought you would have known that 'lark' was common gender!"

"Common gender!" said Tommy, contemptuously, "that shows you know nothin' about birds, sir. Why, it's only the cock wot sings!"

SMALL BOY (reciting "Casablanca"):

"The boy stood on the burning deck,

Whence 'Sawbuty' had fled—"

Smaller Brother (showing intelligent interest): "Who was 'Sawbuty'?"

Small Boy: "I s'pose he must have been the captain."

ON THE OTHER FOOT.



Little Girl (nervously placing halfpenny on counter): "A pennyworth of milk."

Shopwoman (handing the girl the jug): "You're a halfpenny short!"

Little Girl (bolting for the door): "No, I'm not. It's you that's a halfpenny short!"

THE village oracle had been spouting politics for twenty minutes, and, after a splendid rhetorical outburst, turned to a quiet stranger, who was standing listening, and said: "There, now, what have you to say about it?"

Quiet Stranger: "You've got a dent in yer 'at, mate."

NOT AT ALL PLEASED.

THE teacher of a class in a certain school had been carefully explaining the parable of the prodigal son, and was now testing their knowledge of it. All went well until she came towards the close, when she asked:

"Now, tell me, who was not pleased to see the prodigal son when he came home again?"

To her consternation, she received the following reply from a youthful scholar:

"Please, ma'am, the fatted calf."

NO NEED TO CLIMB.

IT was a very wet night, and the last omnibus was full inside, when the conductor asked, "Will any gentleman ride upon the top to oblige a lady?"

There was no response, so the inquiry was repeated, but again there was no reply.

At last one of the male passengers remarked, "Are you sure she is a lady, and not a poor woman?"

"Oh, yes, she is a lady," said the conductor, without hesitation.

"A well-dressed lady?" again asked the passenger.

"Yes, a thorough, well-dressed, fashionable lady," said the conductor.

"Then I should think she can afford to take a cab home," said the passenger.

AMPLE GROUNDS.

A LITTLE boy, aged five, had been severely punished by his parents for disobedience, and the next day, without a word to anyone, he hurried off to the family legal adviser, who happened to be a particular friend of his.

"Well, Johnny," said the man of law, after he had shaken hands with him, "what can I do for you?"

"Please, Mr. Brown," said the young litigant, "I want to get a divorce from our family!"

MRS. HASHE-HOWSE: "Why do you put butter in your coffee, Mr. Starbordo?"

Starbordo: "Because, madam, I believe it is the duty of the strong to help the weak."

POLICE OFFICIAL: "Any clues to that mysterious murder?"

Detective: "Yes, sir; I've arrested all the living members of the family."

Official: "Glorious! What evidence have you?"

Detective: "When I accused them of the murder, some of them turned white and some turned red. Now, all we have to do is to find out which colour means guilt."

A WITNESS who had given his evidence in such a way as to satisfy everybody in court that he was committing perjury, being cautioned by the justice, said at last:

"My lord, you may believe me or not, but I have stated not a word that is false, for I have been wedded to truth from my infancy."

"Yes, sir," said the justice; "but the question is, How long have you been a widower?"

THOSE RUDE SHOPKEEPERS.

'Twas just a few days before her husband's birthday. She walked into a tobacco shop with nervous diffidence.

"I would like to get a skein of cigars."

"You mean a box, I suppose?"

"Yes; if that is how you sell them."

"Do you wish anything special?"

"No, nothing special; but they're for smoking, you know." The salesman smiled.

"Do you desire a strong or mild cigar?"

"Very strong; I want them to last. The box I bought a year ago commenced to fall apart after my husband had them about nine months. I suppose they were too weak."

The young man took a few boxes from the case and prised them open for the woman's inspection.

"Are these the only shades you have? I would like something lighter, to match our wall paper."

The salesman picked out box after box until the counter looked like an Egyptian pyramid. At last she selected a box, saying:

"These won't fade, will they?" Again the young man smiled.

"No, ma'am; they are made of the purest Havana tobacco."

"Do you think I could have my husband's monogram engraved on each cigar?"

"No, lady; the cigar wouldn't draw."

"Wouldn't draw what?"

"I mean it wouldn't pull well."

"But I don't want them to pull anything; I want them for my husband to smoke."

The man behind the counter grew impatient.

"Haven't you a box with a prettier picture on it? Let me see that one with the forget-me-nots on a Japanese fan."

"But, madam, your husband isn't going to smoke the box."

"I am aware of that, sir; but it looks horrible to have some ballet-dancer's face lying on the library table. I like this picture."

"But that is a different brand of cigars."

"Couldn't you put these cigars in that box, and the cigars in that box you could put—"

"No, no; we are not permitted to do any such 'presto-change' work in this shop. Here is a pretty box marked 'Henry Clay.'"

"But that is such a common-place name. Haven't you any called 'Vivian de Haven' or 'Reginald Vere de Vere,' or some name of higher rank?"

"No, ma'am; we do not sell rank cigars in this place. There are no such brands. Do you wish the box you have in your hand?"

"I hardly know which cigars to take. These have such a strong scent. Haven't you any that emit a sweeter aroma?"

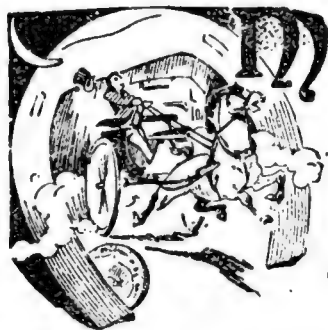
The man answered abruptly.

"No; can I sell you anything?"

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do; if you'll just give me a sample of each, I'll let you know—"

But just then the man slammed the boxes back into their places, told the woman that she was in a cigar shop, and no draper's establishment, and advised her to go to some grocer's and get a few hams for her husband to smoke.

The woman went out to get a policeman, but evidently got lost.



Mascots That Failed

Celebrities Tell Us of Omens that Didn't Work.

[Much is heard of mascots that brought, or are presumed to have brought, their possessors fame and fortune, and of omens the popular meaning of which has been literally fulfilled. But one does not hear so much of the mascots that failed and the omens that went wrong. Perhaps the most notable instance of this latter kind is to be found in the fact that the day before the roof of Charing Cross Station fell two years ago and destroyed the Playhouse Theatre, which was about to be opened. Mr. Cyril Maude picked up a horseshoe in the street just outside his theatre, took it in, and nailed it up for luck. The next afternoon his charming theatre was in ruins. Here are some other examples related by well-known people.]

Mr. BARCLAY GAMMON

(The clever and popular entertainer "with a piano").

YES, I can give you one instance of the fallacy of "luck-bringing" superstitions.

In September last I was driving home from St. George's Hall after the performance, my cab was particularly "fresh" that night.

I had turned out of Regent's Park at Hanover Gate into Park Road, when I caught sight of the new moon for the first time. I put my right hand in my pocket to turn my money "for luck," and drove the cab with the left hand only.

At that instant a Vanguard bus came up on my offside and startled the cab. Before I could get my hand out of my pocket to check him, he was off, and by the time he had finished his "bolt," my little action in pursuit of luck had cost me £20 in damages.

Mr. LANCE THACKERAY, R.B.A.

(The clever artist whose drawings of billiard-room incidents are especially popular).

SOME six or seven years ago I remember breaking a looking-glass. This, I believe, is supposed to bring one seven years of bad luck, but I have seen no signs of the truth of this; for, on the contrary, each year has brought and brings me better luck.

Apologies Mr. Maude's horseshoe experience, I, too, once picked up a horseshoe. Unfortunately, it was still attached to the horse's leg, and quite involuntarily "picked it up" with my mouth. I don't suppose you will see any luck in this. I didn't.

Miss VALLI VALLI

(The popular actress who has been an immense favourite at the Lyceum and Empire Theatres).

I HAD always understood that it was lucky to touch a hunchback, and I have a vivid recollection that a few years ago, as a little girl, I did this. I have at last been able to forget what the hunchback said, but I remember it reduced me to tears.

Mr. G. D. ARMOUR

(The clever artist, whose hunting sketches in PUNCH and other periodicals are so highly appreciated).

I CAN'T remember any incident such as you ask about, unless, possibly, in a general way that omens, in my case at least, don't operate at all. Take, for instance, the idea amongst hunting people that to put anything new on—hats, boots, coat, etc.—is to be certain of a fall. I can't remember ever smashing a new hat, though I have reduced several old ones to pulp.

Miss TOPSY SINDEN

[Greatest of living English dancers, who succeeded brilliantly in the difficult task of taking Adeline Gené's place at the Empire during the latter's absence in America].

I AM a great believer in mascots, and have several, chief amongst these being a real Java coral necklace

given me by my late father. It has never failed me.

Indeed, practically the only serious accident I have ever had on the stage befell me when for once in a way I was not wearing my necklace. Among my other "treasures," however, is a very pretty amethyst ring set in tiny diamonds. This was given me "for luck," but has brought the very contrary in its wake. Whenever I wear it, something, perhaps nothing very serious, but still something unfortunate and upsetting is sure to happen.

This is rather extraordinary, for the amethyst is supposed especially to make for peace of mind. But with me it certainly does not, and the most distressing part of it is that it is a beautiful little ring, and I just hate to have to keep it hidden away.

Mr. ROBERT EVETT

(The delightful actor now playing in the "Merry Widow" at Daly's Theatre).

YES, I remember several instances where alleged mascots have utterly failed to justify their title. For example, I have known managers bring in hunchbacks to work on the stage before a new production, and I have "accidentally" knocked against these poor creatures for "luck," but it hasn't saved the piece from dire failure.

Personally, I love to see a black cat about during rehearsals, for I believe in him as a luck-bringer.

But there, again, I have known a black cat fail lamentably in his mission and significance.

LIKE many another English lady, her sweetheart was abroad, and she was getting her trousseau ready preparatory to going out to be married.

The dressmaker eyed the light cloth for the garments curiously.

"Where did you say you were going to stay?" she asked.

"Argentina," was the reply.

"Why, my dear," exclaimed the dressmaker, "this clothing is far too thin for that cold country where the frozen meat comes from."

A BISHOP was staying with a friend in a country house. On Sunday morning, as he passed through the library, he found a small boy curled up in a big chair, deeply interested in a book.

"Are you going to church, Tom?" he asked.

"No, sir," he replied.

"Why, I am," said the bishop.

"Huh," said the boy, "you've got to go. It's your job."

THE APACHES OF PARIS.

THERE has been a good deal lately in the papers about the Apaches, the armed bandits of the Parisian suburbs, and many people have doubtless wondered as to the derivation of the name.

The original Apaches were Indians, whose home was what is now Arizona and New Mexico. They were the fiercest and most untameable of all the red men, and the last to come under the domination of the United States Government.

Their stubborn bravery excited the admiration of Elie Reclus, the popular French author, who wrote a book about them. It had a tremendous vogue, and soon afterwards the term Apache began to be applied by the conservative classes of France to those holding socialistic or communistic ideals. It was used at first as a term of reproach, but was presently seized upon greedily by the militant Anarchists, who professed to glory in it. Lastly, it came to mean much the same as our word "hooligan."

Other writers, it may be noted, are not in accord with Reclus regarding the original Apaches of America. That they were nomad hunters and brigands, cruel, savage, and crafty, all are agreed. But, as regards their courage, opinions differ.

It cannot be denied, however, that they were never properly conquered by the United States troops sent against them. Rather were they exterminated. The usual plan adopted was to surround them by cordons of troops, and pen them within "reservations." But they continually broke bounds to go upon the war-path, with frightful results to the whites, and eventually to themselves.

The last of these concerted uprisings occurred in 1886-7 in Southern Arizona. General Miles was sent against them. They fled across the border into Sonora, Mexico. Miles followed them with his troopers, thereby, of course, violating the territory of a friendly State. But he wiped out the Indians. Not one escaped. Men, women, and children alike were indiscriminately butchered.

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CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE.

The Good Samaritan.

DEAN CHESTER came slowly down the stairs of a shabby house in Arundel Street, Strand. He felt tired and dispirited, full of the lassitude that inevitably follows mental strain.

After much inward conflict, he had wrought himself up to the courage necessary for what had seemed to him an extreme step—the taking of a stranger, or at least a person wholly outside the circle of Salehurst life and Salehurst interests, into his confidence with regard to the strange happenings that centred round the person of the man who had called himself Father Bernard Maddison.

Anthony Burnet, the man he had gone to see, happened to be a friend of his own, a college chum, a charming and brilliantly clever man, who had taken up the business of a private inquiry agent, and succeeded in it as well as he must have inevitably succeeded in anything he undertook.

But the fact that he was his friend in no way contributed to Xavier Chester's peace of mind. Anthony Burnet, as he knew, in his professional capacity reckoned nothing of friendship; he was a man who would not scruple to probe into every side issue connected with a case entrusted to his skill, however thinly coated with ice that side issue might be. And it was just this fact, coupled with the uneasy knowledge that there were side issues in this particular affair which it would be wiser for his own peace of mind not to probe, that had really caused Xavier Chester's mental struggle.

Yet what was his peace of mind compared with the real point at issue? An outrage, an act of sacrilege, had been committed, and the offender must be punished. So, crushing down his own feelings and fears, Dean Chester had gone to Anthony Burnet's office in the steep street off the Strand. Only to find after he had climbed the toilsome stairs that Anthony Burnet was abroad, and that for the next three weeks his address was an unknown quantity.

The Dean, dismissed by the clerk, sighed, and paused on the stairs to wipe his brow.

"It almost seems like an intervention of Providence," he said to himself, and immediately felt ashamed of the sentiment. Of course it only meant a delay in the carrying out of his plan, not an abandonment of it. When Anthony Burnet returned, the affair would have to be taken up again—yet three weeks was three weeks—so the Dean argued with himself, like a woman.

The clock at the Law Courts struck one as he turned into the Strand; he felt in need of food, he had started early from Salehurst, and yet the idea of food was distasteful to him.

He wondered vaguely if he would go to his club, or turn into some quiet chop-house near at hand; he decided hastily against the club with something that was almost a shudder. The influences of his Colonial days were still sufficiently strong upon him to make him dread the famous institution to which by virtue of his office he belonged. He was a very loyal son of the Church of England, but he admitted this frankly—to himself and to others—many of his clerical brethren palled upon him exceedingly.

He ate very little of the lunch he ordered in the little Italian restaurant into which he finally wandered, but he sat a long time over the meal, his mind occupied with thoughts of the business that had brought him to town.

He was seriously disturbed in mind about his wife. He had never cared to admit so much to himself before, but here in the quiet bustle of an unfamiliar atmosphere he felt his mind working with a new freedom from restraint.

Cara, who had never been herself since the night of the tragedy in the billiard-room at the Deanery, now seemed to him seriously ill. She was ill; she might deny the fact as much as she liked, it remained a fact nevertheless. He could not forget her absolute breakdown after the motor accident. He tried to look at the matter sanely, from the most commonplace point of view, but, try as he would, he could not rid himself of the sensation—over that accident also lay a trail of mystery.

The woman had disappeared; unless both Cara and Sir Curtius Hassell had been the victims of an hallucination, some people were interested in smoothing over an accident that might otherwise have made the subject of scandal. Who were the people?

Leaning over the table, tracing patterns in the coarse cloth with the point of his fork, the Dean faced courageously a thought that had long been present in his mind, but one which hitherto he had shirked and refused to face. Was it possible that Cara had been disingenuous

with him in the matter of Father Bernard Maddison? Did she know more than she had admitted?

"She is so sensitive," he said to himself, "so like a child in her desire to please . . . she may have been afraid of my displeasure . . . afraid to speak her heart to me . . . though God knows how little cause she has for fear of me!"

Out of his experience of the world he began for himself to probe possible reasons for Cara's silence in such a matter. Could it be possible, he asked himself, that some disreputable relative out of the past had turned up—someone to whom she was bound by ties of blood, someone of whom she was ashamed?

He dismissed the thought. Unless Cara had lied to him—and he would as soon believe his faith false, as this woman he loved untrue—she was utterly alone in the world, without a tie; with only Lisa to divide her heart with him.

He raised himself suddenly, straightening his shoulders like a man who lays down a burden.

"What is the use of these futile imaginings," he said. "No use at all, God knows. Only a weariness and vexation of the spirit. If I am going to entrust the

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Rev. Xavier Chester, Dean of Salehurst, and **Cara Chester**, his wife.

Lisa Nairn, Mrs. Chester's beautiful daughter by a former marriage. Lisa has been married to **Hugo Bentley**, who proves to be a notorious swindler. On this account the marriage, which has been kept a secret even from the Dean, has been annulled.

Hugo Bentley, Lisa's husband. Escaping from prison, he breaks into the Deanery billiard-room, and is horrified to find Lisa kneeling beside a murdered man, **Leo Maitland**, in most suspicious circumstances. To save his wife from the dreadful charge of murder, he heroically claims to have killed the man. Then he makes a dash for liberty across the Deanery grounds to the neighbouring river, where he is supposed to be drowned. In reality he is succoured by gypsies.

Sir Curtius Hassell, one of the Dean's neighbours. He is deeply in love with Lisa, but though her marriage with Bentley has been annulled, she does not consider herself free to marry so long as his fate is in doubt.

Nellie "Haste", Sir Curtius's sister-in-law. She startles him by accusing him of murdering Maitland. Subsequently she is run over by a motor-car, which is driven by Mrs. Chester, who is accompanied by Sir Curtius.

Paul Vassolich Parakoff, a blind Russian prince. He rescues Nellie "Haste" after her accident, and, discovering her secret about Sir Curtius, he communicates his knowledge to the baronet, at the same time indicating how suspicious it was that he should be in the car when his sister-in-law was knocked down. In reply, Sir Curtius coolly refers him to the police, with the hint that he will be met with a counter charge of blackmailing. Parakoff, to impress Sir Curtius, then makes the astonishing statement, "I have the honour to be the father of the woman whom you hope to marry." Parakoff next calls on Mrs. Chester, and by threatening to make known the truth about her former marriage, endeavours to force her into introducing him to wealthy neighbours of the Dean.

case to Tony Burnet I must not let my thoughts run riot. Only to-night, perhaps, if she seems well enough, I may speak to Cara myself, put her on her guard—if there be need for her to be upon her guard—which God forbid."

So the thread of his thoughts ran on, until the uneasy hovering of the waiter about his table roused him to a realisation to the fact that at last he had outstayed his welcome. He beckoned the man, paid him and tipped him handsomely, then gathering his papers together he went out into the busy Strand, followed by the respectful and surprised eyes of the waiter.

It was not until he was actually in Charing Cross Station, that the Dean realised that he had missed the afternoon train to Salehurst. He looked at the station clock with vexation, and at his own watch, as though to try to disprove his conviction. But the fact remained that the train was gone, that there was not another for five hours.

He sat down on a bench and consulted his time-table; if there were no train to Salehurst there might be one to Rexforth, or to Auxbury Junction. At any rate, it was quite impossible for him to wait five hours in London. He hated the place even when his every moment was occupied, but five unoccupied hours . . . !

"Ah!" he gave an inaudible exclamation of satisfaction, there was a train to Auxbury in ten minutes' time. He could just catch that, and from Auxbury he could walk home. He had often done it before. By road it was a good fifteen miles; across the fields and by various short cuts he knew, it was well under ten—no distance at all to

a man who had been accustomed to a parish as large as Ireland.

He caught the train, a comparatively empty train at that hour of the day, and settled himself into the corner of a third-class carriage with a sigh of relief. He had papers with him and a book; he settled himself to read them at once. He was determined that he would not let his thoughts run away with him again. But though his eyes were fixed upon the printed page, he found his thoughts less easy to control than he had imagined. The very wheels of the train as it sped through the golden dying of the April day, seemed to enter into league with his thoughts, carry them on and on, further and further from his control.

He gave up the struggle at last and gave rein to the thoughts, leaning back motionless in his corner, his half-closed eyes fixed on the clear sky that rushed ever restlessly past the open spaces of the windows.

The journey seemed gone like a flash, like the rapid unfolding of a cinematograph scene. Here a swift rushing through a cutting between woods that stood out on either side, mystic and lovely against the sky-line—out and flying through open spaces, peopled for the moment by the weird twisting wraiths of engine smoke—or through a straggling village, whose scattered lights were already beginning to twinkle like fire-flies in the rapidly falling dusk.

But of the circumstances of his journey, it seemed to Xavier Chester that he knew nothing. His thoughts were held as by a spell round the one subject—the mystery that hung like a pall over his house.

Cara—Bernard Maddison—Hugo Bentley—the wheels of the train seemed to take up the names and weave them into a song; and then again, Lisa—Curtius Hassell—Hugo Bentley—!

With an effort he shook himself free. He would not think the thoughts that crowded in upon him; he would not! But a pain gripped at his heart, and his hands clenched involuntarily, for suspicion is an ugly weed, and hard indeed to root out from the heart into which chance has sown it.

He woke up to the fact that the train was slackening speed—was running into the ugly, straggling station of Auxbury. In a very short time he would be face to face with the woman he loved—the woman he had been wronging in his thoughts. God help him! could he ever dare to look into Cara's eyes if he knew that he had presumed to doubt her?

Auxbury! With a clang and a rattle the train rushed through the station, as though its intention was to pass it by at a headlong speed; then, with a disconcerting jerk that threw its passengers forward, it drew up.

The Dean stepped out of the train and glanced nervously up and down the long, bare platform. He hoped devoutly that no one he knew had travelled by the same train. He felt that in the present strained state of his nerves he could not have schooled himself to speak polite common-places to anyone. But the platform, glaring white even in the fading light from the reflection of the chalk through which it had been cut, was mercifully empty; even the obsequious station-master was not visible. With a little sigh of relief, the Dean hurried out of the side entrance and down the winding, dusty road that led in the direction of Salehurst.

It ran for nearly a mile between its hedges before it reached the stile that led over the field path across the country. The Dean trudged along it with a hasty stride, an incongruous figure enough in his gaiters and clerical hat. A bowed figure, with a handsome, kindly face, and clouded eyes that had no knowledge of the beauties of the night, the quickly fading, opalescent sky, the ever-changing lights and shadows on the trees, that seemed to differ with each succeeding layer of twilight as it fell.

The road rose in a gradual ascent, and insensibly the Dean's stride slackened. At the top, to the left, the hedges ceased abruptly, giving place to the wide common lands which seemed to stretch, glimmering green and gold in the soft light, almost to the horizon. To the right the hedge was broken by one of the hurdle gates peculiar to the district, which gave by way of a little beaten clay path to a set of steps roughly cut in the chalk, and leading to the fields over which the Dean's path lay.

As he neared the top of the hill the Dean's attention was aroused by the excited barking of many dogs, shrill and discordant—angry barking, that seemed an outrage on the scented silence of the evening. For a moment he wondered from where the sound could possibly come; then he remembered the gypsies. There was usually a straggling gipsy encampment on the Auxbury fringe of the common.

He was right; as he breasted the hill and came upon the beginning of the common he saw the disordered camp, and realised the cause of the commotion he had heard. The local police were engaged in their favourite occupation of harrying the Romances. The gipsy folk had arrived, apparently intending, as was their custom, to pitch their camp near the opening of the common, and the police were ordering them to move on.

Both parties were too occupied with the dispute to notice the Dean, who paused for a moment to watch the picturesque scene. A fire had just been lighted, and was pouring a volume of smoke of a beautiful dull grey steadily upward. One tent had been pitched; its side lay open to the night air, disclosing a heap of sacking and a recumbent figure on it. A little group of the men were gathered near it, unlike the dogs, apparently taking no active part in the dispute. All the talking had been left to one speaker, a tall, stalwart youth, with a handsome, but rather sullen, Byronic face. Near him, her bare, rounded arms crossed defiantly over her breast, stood a girl—the only woman in the scene.

"You may order what you like," the Dean heard the gipsy say, "but here we are, and here we intend to stay for the night. The land's as much ours as yours! We've got a sick pal here—sick to death he is—and he can't be moved."

The policeman, a tall, heavily built man, with a broad, unintelligent face and small, malicious eyes, gave a contemptuous laugh.

"Ere get a move on you," he said roughly. "I've

With RHYME-STICKS in one pocket, some money in the other, and a fortnight before you, it will be your fault if you don't enjoy yourself.

'eard that tale o' yours before. Ef you've got an invalid there it's your own look-out, and the sooner you get him tuk to the infirmary the better for 'im and you. Naw, then, look sharp! I can't be awaiting abart all night—I've got my missis and my suppor awaiting for me at 'ome!"

"I've said my say," said the gipsy, with an air of dogged determination. "If you wants to move us on to-night, move us on. I warn you us'll take some moving. I tell you the man's sick—too sick to move, even to the infirmary. Can't you let him die free, and under God's sky?"

The policeman made some brutal rejoinder. He was by way of being a local wit, and fought hard to live up to his reputation. The man's words brought up such a look on the gipsy's face, made him move forward with so threatening a gesture, that the Dean felt it was time for him to interfere.

He stepped forward.

"You have a sick man there, I hear," he said to the gipsy, putting his hand to the brim of his hat. "Has he seen a doctor? Because, if not, perhaps I might be of some use. I have doctored the body as well as the soul in my day!"

There was something so attractive in his smile, so utterly unaffected in his voice, that the gipsy forgot to be resentful.

"He's a very sick man, sir," he said, touching his hat civilly. "Us haven't hal no doctor—it was agin his wish, and us don't hold with such. But you're welcome to look at him if you will."

He led the way as he spoke towards the one tent that stood, and the Dean, before he followed, spoke a few words to the country policemen, who stood apart, looking a little sheepish.

"Don't let your zeal carry you away, Jenkins," he said to the reputed wit.

"Taint my zeal, sir, it's my horders," the man said in a resentful voice. "And, you know, sir, if they've got a man lying ill there it's to the infirmary at Rexforth he should be tuk."

The gipsy bent down over the side of the man lying on the sacks and whispered some words to him.

"It's a sky-pilot, cully," he whispered. "Best see him—he won't do you no good, but he can't do you no harm."

There was almost a note of appeal in his voice.

But the man, if he heard, made no sign beyond opening his eyes for one moment and staring vacantly into the handsome face that bent above him. The Dean, who had come into the tent, knelt down on the ground by the heap of sacks. He looked up at the gipsy now, his hand on the sick man's pulse.

"You're right," he said to the gipsy. "The man is ill—seriously ill—and every minute that he spends in this place and in this night air increases his illness and decreases his chance of recovery."

From the gipsy he looked at the man by whose side he knelt, conscious of a strange interest in him, a reminiscent interest, that brought up similar scenes enacted in the years that were past in that vast parish of his in a new land beyond the seas. He was thin, emaciated to a degree, this gipsy man lying sick unto death.

His hair was brown, and worn rather long, was plentifully streaked with grey, and he wore a beard and moustache so unkempt and uneven that apparently they had only recently been acquired. His face was dark, and so heavily tanned as to be almost Oriental in colouring; but his features were not cast in the Roman type, and his eyes, as the Dean noticed now when they opened for a moment, were grey; and the long, well-shaped hands that lay outside the striped blanket were pale, the sickly-looking hands of illness.

"Not one of your tribe, eh?" the Dean asked, looking up at the gipsy.

"What d'ye mean?" the lad's voice was so full of angry resentment, that the Dean was surprised.

"That he seems more your friend than your kinsman," the Dean answered mildly.

"That's so." The gipsy seemed about to add some information, then checked himself suddenly, for the girl the Dean noticed outside had come silently into the tent, and, standing behind the Dean, laid her finger on her lips.

"He'll die?" she questioned laconically, coming forward to the side of the bed. Looking up, the Dean saw that her beautiful eyes were very bright, and that the corners of her mouth trembled.

"No, why should he?" he asked stoutly. "Certainly not if he is taken away, and treated properly—as it is impossible for you to treat him, moving on from day to day as you do. He needs rest."

Yet he felt by no means as sanguine as his words represented him to be. The man was very ill indeed, in the acute stages of rheumatic fever, and he doubted whether he could stand another journey—his last one appeared to have tried him terribly.

"Rest," repeated the girl in her low, rich voice. "Seems to me death's the best possible rest for the likes o' him—the only rest no one, not even the jacks, can take from him!"

In her bitterness, she appeared to have forgotten the caution she had enjoined on her brother; it was he who silenced her now, by a quick movement of his hand.

"Us was going to see what could be done to-morrow," he said to the Dean.

The Dean stood up, pushing back his hat from his brow, an undignified figure who would have delighted the malicious heart and offended the fastidiousness of the Reverend Frederick Walton.

"To-morrow may be too late, that's the difficulty," he said. "What did you propose doing?"

"Us was making for the coast," said the boy. "One of the big towns—he could have been left there right enough."

"Impossible," said the Dean. "It would mean killing the man; little better than murder. Now, I have a plan—can you trust me—will you let me take the man back with me to my own house, and have him tended there till he's really able to be moved, or to join you?"

The Dean's heart glowed, as he spoke, glowed again with that curious reminiscence of the old life, under those wider skies in a freer land. He forgot that in England the rôle of the good Samaritan was somewhat out of date—delegated as a rule to the Relieving Officer.

The girl uttered a sharp cry, and flung herself on her knees beside the unconscious man.

"No, no! he's not to go. Jack, you'll not allow it! Us is not paupers—us has no call to fling ourselves on charity," she flung the words passionately at the Dean over her shoulder.

"Don't be a fool, Zetella," the boy whispered sharply in her ear. "If he don't go with him, he'll have to go with the cops—and which is the worst?"

"He's not to go, he's not to go," sobbed the girl wildly.

The Dean bent over her, and put his hand tenderly on her shoulder.

"My dear child, why should you be afraid to trust your dear one to me?" he asked. "I wish him no harm, only to see him well cared for and restored to health—and to you—for your sake, and for the sake of my Master."

He spoke quite naturally, being one of those men to whom the things of the next world are as familiar as those of this, and though the girl resented, what she called cant, as fiercely as she resented the interference of the police, she felt softened by the Dean's touch and manner. While they spoke together, the gipsy-boy had gone outside and consulted rapidly with a group of men, sitting now unconcerned round the fire, preparing their supper, as though there were not a police-constable within a hundred miles of them.

"Best let him go," said one of the elder men. "A regular Jonah, that's what he is. He's bound to leave us one day, why not this way as well as another. 'Twould have been a fair do to get him across the water—we don't want him dead on our hands!"

So the boy the girl had called Jack came back into the tent, and whispered for a few moments to his sister—a colloquy the Dean could not understand. After a moment or two the girl rose from her knees, and turned sullenly to the Dean.

"Take him," she said, "take him! only if there is a God—like you preach about—He will let him die! It is only a devil—or a woman—would wish him to live."

She flung up her hands to her face with a wild cry, and rushed out of the tent.

(Continued on next page.)

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5 ft. 0 in.	110 lb.
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5 ft. 2 in.	114 lb.
5 ft. 3 in.	116 lb.
5 ft. 4 in.	118 lb.
5 ft. 5 in.	120 lb.
5 ft. 6 in.	122 lb.
5 ft. 7 in.	124 lb.
5 ft. 8 in.	126 lb.
5 ft. 9 in.	128 lb.
5 ft. 10 in.	130 lb.
5 ft. 11 in.	132 lb.
6 ft. 0 in.	134 lb.
6 ft. 1 in.	136 lb.
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7 ft. 0 in.	158 lb.
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8 ft. 0 in.	182 lb.
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8 ft. 4 in.	190 lb.
8 ft. 5 in.	192 lb.
8 ft. 6 in.	194 lb.
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8 ft. 9 in.	200 lb.
8 ft. 10 in.	202 lb.
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9 ft. 0 in.	206 lb.
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9 ft. 3 in.	212 lb.
9 ft. 4 in.	214 lb.
9 ft. 5 in.	216 lb.
9 ft. 6 in.	218 lb.
9 ft. 7 in.	220 lb.
9 ft. 8 in.	222 lb.
9 ft. 9 in.	224 lb.
9 ft. 10 in.	226 lb.
9 ft. 11 in.	228 lb.
10 ft. 0 in.	230 lb.
10 ft. 1 in.	232 lb.
10 ft. 2 in.	234 lb.
10 ft. 3 in.	236 lb.
10 ft. 4 in.	238 lb.
10 ft. 5 in.	240 lb.
10 ft. 6 in.	242 lb.
10 ft. 7 in.	244 lb.
10 ft. 8 in.	246 lb.
10 ft. 9 in.	248 lb.
10 ft. 10 in.	250 lb.
10 ft. 11 in.	252 lb.
11 ft. 0 in.	254 lb.
11 ft. 1 in.	256 lb.
11 ft. 2 in.	258 lb.
11 ft. 3 in.	260 lb.
11 ft. 4 in.	262 lb.
11 ft. 5 in.	264 lb.
11 ft. 6 in.	266 lb.
11 ft. 7 in.	268 lb.
11 ft. 8 in.	270 lb.
11 ft. 9 in.	272 lb.
11 ft. 10 in.	274 lb.
11 ft. 11 in.	276 lb.
12 ft. 0 in.	278 lb.
12 ft. 1 in.	280 lb.
12 ft. 2 in.	282 lb.
12 ft. 3 in.	284 lb.
12 ft. 4 in.	286 lb.
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12 ft. 6 in.	290 lb.
12 ft. 7 in.	292 lb.
12 ft. 8 in.	294 lb.
12 ft. 9 in.	296 lb.
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CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO.

In the Enemy's Stronghold.

ONLY as the wagonette containing himself and his unconscious guest turned in slowly under the weather-beaten stone archway leading to the Deanery, did a doubt as to the wisdom of his action raise an ugly head in the Dean's heart.

It is all very well when you are a bachelor parson, with a housekeeper inured by long experience to your eccentricities, to do the sort of thing he had done, so Xavier Chester told himself ruefully. But when you are a married man, with a married man's responsibilities and well-ordered household, it is a very different matter indeed. Of course, if Cara had been herself, if trouble had not brooded over the Deanery, it would not have been so bad. But Cara was ill, and the household subtly disorganised.

The Dean looked at the flushed face of the man whom he was helping to support in the covered wagonette that had been improvised as an ambulance, and sighed.

"At any rate, Lisa is not ill," he said to himself, brightening suddenly. "She can take her turn at the nursing. It will do her good, help to distract her mind, to have a fellow-being worse off than herself to think of, and we must telephone to the Institute for a couple of trained nurses. Thank goodness the Deanery is large enough for us all and to spare."

There was always a spare bed, the good Samaritan's bed, at the Deanery, kept ready and prepared for emergencies such as these. After all, his fears were rather groundless, the Dean found. He had forgotten that though he was no longer a bachelor parson, his housekeeper still remained—thrust a little into the background because of Mrs. Chester's brilliancy, perhaps—but presiding over the household all the same, a rarely faithful, loyal servant.

She rose to this occasion, as she had risen to greater ones. The Dean's protégé was soon installed between fleecy blankets, in the charming old world room where all day long the sun looked in through the quaint leaded casement windows. It was she who telephoned for the nurses and for the doctor, and acted as though it was a commonplace of existence for the master of the house to bring home men of this stamp and in this state of illness.

But by virtue of her efficiency, it was permitted to her to bully the Dean. She did so, unmercifully.

"Sir, sir, ain't you never going to be old enough to learn sense?" she asked him. "What a thing to do—to bring home a well-nigh dying man with you! 'Tain't as though we ain't had trouble enough in this house—and more trouble to come, or my name ain't Martha Creed. Your own lady's in a queer way. No, don't look so scared; but it's my duty to tell you, seeing she's so foolish that she won't admit things to yourself. A nasty fainting fit she had, and something that, if she had been one of the still-room maids, I'd have called hysterics."

As she spoke she was not idle, her capable hands were busy preparing necessities for the sick-room. She held the Dean captive by the sheer force of her hard, black, eyes. A shrewd, useful, but by no means soft-spoken woman, this Martha Creed.

When at last he was able to seek his wife's room, the Dean found in no way his fears allayed. Cara refused to admit him; she sent out a pleading message by her maid; her head ached abominably; she was lying down in a darkened room; she sent her love, and he would be very kind if he would leave her alone that evening?

Perhaps Xavier Chester had never felt so miserable in his life as he felt when he turned the corridor from his wife's room. The little excitement which the encounter with the gipsies and the glow of his kindly action had called up had died away, leaving flat depression behind. The home that should have welcomed him, seemed dull and deserted. Miss Nairn had been out all day, the butler told him, and though it was very near dinner-time now she had not returned.

His surprise at this fact was mitigated a little by a note he found on his desk in the library.

"In case I am not back before you, dear," Lisa had scribbled, "I just want to tell you that mother sent me over to the Duchess with a message. Curtius has driven me over on his car—we shall both be back to dinner."

The Dean was conscious of a mild thrill of curiosity as he read this note. What had Cara sent Lisa over to his cousin's for?

As a rule the comings and goings between Melville Towers, the Duchess of Duncastr's house, ten miles across the downs, and the Deanery were confined to visits that on both sides were visits of decided ceremony. Candidly, he was not very fond of the Duchess, who would have liked to have been very-kind to him indeed. She was a lady of decided temper and Erastian views that were in total opposition to his own; and they agreed better at a distance. In his heart, moreover, the Dean was conscious of the fact that it was the Duchess's very strong disapproval of his wife that made the coolness between them.

Even while he stood fingering Lisa's note, he heard the sound of the car on the gravelled sweep outside, and hurried into the hall to meet his step-daughter.

Lisa came into the great hall through the carved screen with a whirl and flutter of her grey veil and cloak. She looked radiant; the Dean thought, as he kissed her, that he had not seen her look so well and happy for many weeks. The swift drive through the night air had brought a soft colour to her cheeks, and the wind had ruffled her hair into a delicious rebelliousness about her white brow.

"We've had the most enthralling drive, father," she said, "and really a rather nice time altogether. The Duchess was peculiarly amiable. She talked about the Education Bill, and as I know nothing about it I could not disagree with her. She sent her love to you, dad, and hoped that you were keeping an unbending back! What did she mean?"

Without waiting for an answer, she was preparing to

run upstairs to change, when the Dean remembered the subject that, until a moment or two ago, had been uppermost in his mind, and called her back.

"Ah, Lisa," he said, "we have a visitor. I forgot to tell you."

"A visitor?"

He was sorry to see her bright eyes clouded, and hastened to explain.

"Yes, rather an unusual one." In a few words he told her the story of his encounter with the gipsies, and the fruit of the encounter.

"Dad!"—there was remonstrance in Lisa's voice—"it was very dear of you—but most characteristically rash!"

The Dean held out his hands pleadingly.

"Don't scold me, I beseech you," he cried with a laugh, "I am fresh from the chastening tongue of Mrs. Creed. I don't know that it was very rash, and at any rate my poor friend can do no one any harm at present, and—it is doubtful whether we can do him very much good. But I could not be less merciful than those untutored people; I could not leave him to die by the wayside. I don't know why, but I took rather a fancy to them all. To the lad with his frank, handsome, face—to the passionate, beautiful, girl—and because of her to this man, obviously her lover."

"Why, Doctor Chester, I had no idea you were so romantic." Curtius Hassell spoke for the first time.

"Ah, have you known me so long and not realised that I pride myself most in my humanity, Curtius?"

"Well, I must fly," Lisa said, "or I shall be late for dinner. We are late, I fancy, as it is. And dad, darling, forgive me mentioning it, but you do look rather like a gipsy yourself!"

The Dean laughed and looked down at his hands.

"So I do," he cried, then he called after Lisa as she ran up the stairs; "by the way—why did you go over to Melville Towers—wasn't it a little unexpected, this visit?"

"It was, rather," the girl answered with a laugh. "I think it was an invitation, or something. An old friend of mother's was here to-day, and she has been inviting some friends to meet him. She will tell you all about it."

"Ah!" that was all the Dean said, but he wondered a little as he went to dress, Cara had told him nothing of expecting an old friend.

Curtius Hassell, left alone in the hall, flung himself down with a wearied gesture in one of the deep chairs in which the place abounded. He was weary in mind and body, and he longed for the rest that seemed further off than ever.

A sudden, unusual sound roused him. A pattering noise, such as heavily water-logged boots might make on a tessellated pavement.

"Hassell!" A sudden hoarse whisper of his name.

He turned abruptly, and at the sight behind him he started to his feet with a cry. "Good heavens, Walton! What on earth has happened?"

The dishevelled, hatless, and coatless man who stood, dripping water from his saturated clothing on to the floor of the hall, tried to speak, but his teeth chattered so that his words were hardly audible.

"I don't know," Hassell thought he heard him say, "But everything's the matter—murder . . . conspiracy . . ."

(Another instalment next week.)

BARBER: "Hair's going grey, sir."

Little Binks: Expect it is. Haven't you nearly finished?"

LITTLE WALTER was eating lunch when he gave his arm a sudden shove, and splash! down went his glass of milk.

"I knew you were going to spill that," said mamma, angrily.

"Well, if you knew," queried Walter, "why didn't you tell me?"

BOMBARDING BRITISH PORTS.

THE unsuccessful torpedo-boat attack on Sheerness during the recent naval manœuvres, recalls the similar one which was made upon Liverpool some years back.

This latter, however, was a complete success. The boats comprising the hostile flotilla passed up the Mersey, disguised as harmless colliers, and nobody, least of all the commanders of the forts and batteries at the mouth of the river, suspected their real character until it was too late.

It is not often, though, that these venomous little craft are able to slip unobserved into one of our harbours. Portsmouth, for instance, has been attacked after this fashion fully a dozen times, but has never found any difficulty in locating and sinking—theoretically, of course—the unwelcome intruders. Once, too, the defenders of the harbour used torpedoes themselves, with what would have been, in real warfare, deadly effect.

On the other hand, it is somewhat disquieting to reflect how easily the bigger ironclads have on occasion "bombarded" our coast towns. Wick, for instance, was at the mercy of a "hostile" cruiser for some hours the other day, when armed "invaders" landed and seized the custom-house.

The most striking object-lesson, however, of what we might be made to suffer in case of a naval war, was afforded us during 1889, when, in the space of a single week, Dublin, Belfast, and Waterford were captured by Admiral Tryon, while Admiral Baird swooped down upon Edinburgh, and took it, afterwards bombarding Aberdeen, Sunderland, and several other northern ports.

Cricketers' Other Hobbies.



Cricket is Not the Only Pastime that Interests Our Mighty Batsmen.

It is good that a man should have some interest in life apart and distinct from his particular everyday calling; it indicates a healthy and well-balanced mind, and certainly tends to make him a better and more useful member of the community than might otherwise be the case.

Cricketers generally are usually too busy playing their favourite game during the four months of summer to devote much time to anything else, but it must not be supposed on that account that cricket is their be-all and end-all. On the contrary, nearly every first-class player is an enthusiast on some other subject, whether it be the bowls so beloved by "W. G." or the billiards in which Major Poore so delights and is such an expert.

Politics, for instance, have at least two ardent followers in the Hon. F. S. Jackson and Arnold, the English International and Worcestershire all-rounder, while Lord Dalmeny, who captained the Surrey eleven last season, is, of course, a member of Parliament.

Both Jackson and Arnold are staunch Conservatives, and the last named distinguished himself at the recent Worcester bye-election by driving a gaily bedecked donkey cart round the town and giving would-be voters a "lift" to the polling stations.

Cricket and music do not, on the surface, seem to have any connecting link, but it is nevertheless a fact that many well-known cricketers take a keen delight and intelligent interest in music, either vocal or instrumental.

HUNTER CAN DANCE A BREAK-DOWN.

N. A. Knox, the Surrey fast bowler, is taking up singing as a serious profession, and his club-mate, Holland, is a well-known and popular vocalist in the bills of suburban music-halls.

K. L. Hutchings and Huish, the Kent wicket-keeper, are two names at random of other cricketers who often uplift their voices in amateur circles.

Of "players who play," Killick is a skilful accompanist, and George Gunn can also "tickle the ivories" in no mean manner. Another first-class cricketer who has something of an ear for music is David Hunter, whose undoubted ability as a clog-dancer might easily have got him on the stage had not cricket claimed him first.

Hunter's captain, Lord Hawke, is also fond of music, and he has one famous song which he trots out on very extra special occasions; but, apart from cricket, his great pleasure in life is big-game shooting. Two winters ago he was in the Rockies with a party of sportsmen, which included President Roosevelt.

Lilley, the famous wicket-keeper, is also a keen big-game shot, a form of sport to which "Ranji" first introduced him. Mention of "Ranji" reminds one that H.H. the Jam Sahib is a most enthusiastic fisherman, and that he is almost as deft at casting a fly as he is at gliding a ball on the middle stump to the fine leg boundary. His private secretary, the famous old Harrovian, A. C. MacLaren, has tried his hand at shooting in the Indian jungle, but it may safely be said that the ex-Lancashire captain is a far more able judge of the merits of motor-cars and greyhounds than he is a stalker of wild animals.

BELDAM TAKES SNAP-SHOTS.

C. B. Fry is such an exceedingly well-educated and well-read man, and has dabbled in almost everything, from dynamics to diabolio, that it would be far easier to say what he doesn't take an interest in than what he does. However, it may not be generally known that since he gave up strenuous football he has become an enthusiastic rider to hounds, a winter excitement for which A. H. Hornby has a great passion.

Appropos of well-educated and well-read cricketers, Albert Edward Knight, of Leicestershire, and Alan Marshal, the Australian and Surrey player, are perhaps the two most notable instances of such in the professional ranks. The former, if one may judge from his writings, is seemingly as well acquainted with the English classics as most intelligent men are with the general news of the day, and Marshal is a really clever black and white artist, as well as a journalist with a happy, pleasing style.

Photography is a very common and easily understandable hobby with cricketers, but, so far, at any rate, not one can compare with G. W. Beldam, of Middlesex, for real mastery over the art. Mr. Beldam's wonderful "snaps" must be almost world-famous by now, and they have certainly added vastly to our knowledge of the finer and previously hidden points of cricket and other games.

"Plum" Warner is such a keen cricketer—perhaps the keenest living at the moment—and such a veritable "Whitaker" on everything connected with the pastime, that very little is known of his other interests. He is, however, a close follower of local affairs in the little Kentish town where he now resides, and more unlikely things may happen than Mr. Warner becoming a mayor some day.

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TO KNOW . . .

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY
ISOBEL . . .

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

To Use Up Cold Pork

Cut it into neat slices, sprinkle it with pepper and salt, fry on both sides, and serve with apple sauce.

Dutch Pudding.

Put three ounces of rice in a saucepan with a pint of milk. Let it cook slowly till all the milk is absorbed. Stone and chop quarter of a pound of raisins, chop one ounce and a half of mixed peel, and two ounces of suet. Beat all these ingredients together, add an ounce of sugar, and mix with two well-beaten eggs. Pour into a buttered basin, and steam for an hour. Serve passed round with any sweet sauce.

Banana Mould.

Take a pint of milk, and with a small quantity of it make an ounce of cornflour into a smooth paste. Boil the remainder, stirring in the cornflour, and continuing to stir till the mixture is thick and smooth. Take it off the fire, and stir in a beaten egg and a teaspoonful of vanilla essence. Return to the fire for a few minutes, cut a banana in thin slices and lay in a wet mould, pour the cornflour over, and leave till cold.

Baked Mackerel.

This fish is generally one of the cheapest at this season. Take an even number of fish, slit them open, remove the backbones and heads. Place half the fish, skin side downwards, on a greased tin dish. Scatter over some breadcrumbs, sweet herbs, pepper, and salt. Place another fish on the top of each, and sprinkle some breadcrumbs on the top. Bake in a quick oven, basting occasionally for a quarter of an hour. Arrange on a hot dish and serve.

Purée of Peas

Is a nice dish, and specially useful when the peas are too old for boiling. Boil a pint of peas with two or three lettuce leaves, two spinach leaves, two spring onions, and a sprig of mint. When tender, pass all through a sieve. Melt an ounce of butter in a saucepan, add the purée and two or three spoonfuls of good gravy, if you have it, with pepper and salt to taste. Stir over the fire till nice and thick, place in a hot dish, and garnish with sippets of fried bread.

Haricot Beans and Bacon

Make a good and nourishing dish in hot weather when meat is not acceptable. Wash and soak a pound of haricot beans overnight. Rinse them well, and put on to boil in cold water, with an onion and an ounce of dripping. Boil for an hour. Remove the onion, and drain the beans in a colander, and return them to a saucepan with an ounce of butter. Shake them well, season with pepper and salt, and scatter chopped parsley over. Heap them in a dish, with rashers of nicely fried bacon round.

Savoury Sheep's Liver

Is a very good dish, and as it is one that needs little looking after when cooking, it should be appreciated by the busy housewife. Have about three-quarters of a pound of sheep's liver, wash, dry, and cut it in thin slices. Grease a baking-dish or tin and lay in the slices of liver with a thin rasher of bacon on each. Sprinkle thickly with breadcrumbs, seasoned with herbs, pepper, and salt. Pour round about a breakfastcupful of thick stock. Tie over with greased paper, and bake in a slow oven for an hour. Take up the pieces of liver, put on a dish, stir the gravy while it boils up, add a little Worcestershire sauce to flavour, pour round the meat, and serve.

George's Cake.

Mix one teaspoonful of baking powder with three-quarters of a pound of dried and sifted flour and a pinch of salt, cream, two ounces of lard, and two ounces of butter with six ounces of caster sugar. Beat three eggs, yolks and whites separately; add the yolks to the butter and sugar, then stir in the flour, to which has been added six ounces of currants, and six ounces of stoned raisins. Beat all together, and then stir in the whites of egg. For flavouring, add a teaspoonful each of ground ginger and cinnamon. Put in a greased tin, and bake for an hour and a half, or longer if necessary. I think this must be the receipt you need. I have given it before, and it is always so much liked that I have no hesitation in repeating it. (Reply to MARIE, Beckenham.)



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A LITTLE FRENCH FROCK.

This dress, for a child of two to four, is exceedingly novel, a fact not perhaps patent at first glance. It has been designed especially with a view to using flounce embroidery and, as a consequence, it is cut with a front—in the centre of which a seam must be avoided—a sidepiece and a back.

A short length of nainsook will also be needed to line the bodice and sleeves of this frock (No. 17704); for the skirt is transparent and merely shows beneath it an amplitude of frilled petticoat.

You must not fail to notice the way in which the sash of soft satin ribbon is slipped beneath the box-pleats in front, nor how the end is looped and finished with a fancy buckle. Those of my readers blessed with clever fingers might well make this buckle themselves either from a piece of choice embroidery or by embroidering it at home ere the material is mounted over buckram.

Nowadays I often notice lace and embroidery mingled on the same dress, but if you use lace insertion here, you must be sure and procure a heavy make; otherwise it will look flimsy by contrast.

Any two-yard remnant of forty-two inch goods will suffice for this little dress.

TO RENOVATE THE TABLE-CLOTH.

WHEN table-cloths are beginning to wear out in the folds, cut two or three inches off one end and one side and re-hem them. This process will change the places of the folds, and will add new life to the cloth. Serviettes and towels should be treated in the same way.

HOW MILK MAY BE TESTED.

HERE is a test for watered milk, which is simplicity itself. A well-polished knitting needle is dipped into a deep vessel of milk and immediately withdrawn in an upright position. If the sample is pure some of the fluid will hang to the needle, but if water has been added to the milk, even in small proportion, the fluid will not adhere to the needle.

MIRRORS CAN BE UNTRUTHFUL.

THE only way to appreciate how untruthful one's mirror may be is to stand side by side with someone and then mark the difference between that person's colouring, as it is naturally, and as the mirror makes it appear.

There is a certain quality about even the best plate-glass that casts a greenish tinge over its reflection, thereby detracting from the height of colour. Cheeks may look pale in the mirror and be, in reality, of a pretty colour, while the glossiness of the hair is always of a greater degree than the untruthful mirror would have one believe.

TWO CLASSES OF WOMEN.

A WITTY French author once divided women into two classes, cats and dogs. It is the cat woman who is best liked of men; the pretty, playful creature who loves to be petted, who can frolic when she wishes, but who can and does scratch when she is ungently handled.

The poor, faithful "dog soul" has a touch of the craven about it which does not attract the masculine fancy.

Man feels a sincere respect for what the English call "pluck," and admires an antagonist who can hold her own. The independent woman who lets him clearly understand that she can do without him usually possesses a much greater fascination for him than does she who shows him that his affection is absolutely necessary to her happiness.

HAVE PLENTY OF FRESH AIR.

JUST a line in season about fresh air. In the summer time, if not indeed all the year round, the windows of the rooms we live in should be kept very wide open, and only closed to prevent the rain coming in. Don't forget that it is when the window is only a wee bit open that what is called a draught pours in. The only danger from this is that it falls on one portion of the body, cooling that to its detriment.

The air blowing all over the body, or all around it as it does when we take a walk in the open air, is extremely beneficial. To have extra benefit from such a walk the clothing should be light, and nothing should be tight about it.

Concerning open windows in the bedroom, these should also be generously wide. Manage so that no direct draught blows on the bed, while at the same time the air circulates freely all through the room.

All Cyclists should read . . .

CYCLING NOTES

by F. PERCY LOW, appearing in the London

Daily Express

every Saturday.

The "Daily Express" is London's Great Halfpenny Morning Newspaper, and is on Sale Everywhere.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Cook Fish Well.

For, if at all underdone, it is not only unpalatable, but unwholesome.

Preserve Parsley for Winter

By drying it in a cool oven, and then keeping it in air-tight tins or bottles.

To Make Potatoes White

They should lie (pared) in cold water for two or three hours previous to boiling. (Reply to YOUNG COOK.)

Frying Fish.

I think the reason of your failure is that you do not dry the fish thoroughly before dipping it in egg. (Reply to SEA MAIDEN.)

To Choose Lobsters.

You are right. It is very necessary to choose fresh lobsters. Be careful to select those that have their tails curled up tightly to their bodies and you will be all right. (Reply to ANXIOUS HOUSEWIFE.)

Bathroom Steam.

To prevent this, get a small piece of hose-pipe, say about two feet, and fix this on the hot-water tap. As soon as the hot water covers the other end, the steam will cease to rise. This will make the bath-room atmosphere much more pleasant and will save the walls. (Thanks to E. W.)

Insect Bites

Are certainly very trying and difficult to prevent. Never wear openwork stockings, as the insects attack the feet through them in a most painful way. The constant use of a good carbolic toilet soap is found by some to be a preventive. Oil of cloves used on the clothes will often keep insects at bay, as all object to a strong scent. (Reply to FOREIGN TRAVELLER.)

Girls in the Holidays

Would be far happier if each had allotted to her some household duty which could occupy her for an hour or so every morning. Where there are several girls—one might undertake the housekeeping, another the lamps, a third washing the breakfast things. These little things will tend to make a girl domesticated, and give her an opportunity of acquiring a knowledge which she cannot do in the rush of the term's work.

An Invalid's Room

Requires constantly cleaning, and yet many find the noise and dust of sweeping more than they can bear. Try this method: Into a gallon of hot water, put a dessertspoonful of ammonia and a tablespoonful of turpentine, wring out a cloth in this and wipe the carpet and boards all over with it. Rinse the cloth constantly, and change the water as it becomes dirty. Do this two or three times a week, for it makes the rooms sweet, and cleans the carpet without raising the dust.

Blistered Feet

Are a very common cause of complaint in the holiday season. First, prevent the blisters if possible by rubbing the soles of the feet at night with methylated spirit, which will harden the skin. Before a long walk soap the soles of the feet, and if there are any darns in the sock or stocking put it on inside out as the unevenness of a darn often causes trouble. If the blister has come, run a perfectly clean needle through it and gently squeeze out the water. Tie over a rag lightly smeared with boracic ointment.

To Brew Beer.

To make fifteen gallons of ale, boil about twenty-one gallons of water, and when you can see your face in it put in one bushel of malt. Let the infusion stand for about three hours, then draw off the water, and boil it slowly for rather over one hour and a quarter with one pound of good hops. When the beer has cooled to about eighty-five degrees, work it with yeast, and let it stand for two days. Place the beer in a barrel, but do not put the bung in till the beer has done working. A second lot of boiling water may be added to the malt if you wish a second quality of beer. This recipe was given to me by a village woman, celebrated for her excellent beer; and she explained that sugar was unnecessary in the process. (Reply to J. SMITH.)

Isobel

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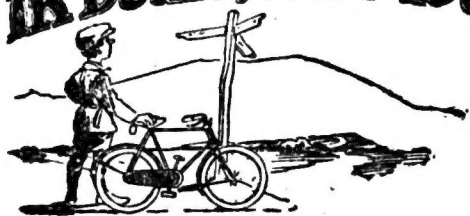
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In Doubt, Were You?



Concerning Short Stories.

I SEEM to have accomplished the wonderful feat of pleasing everyone in the matter of the short, complete stories in our last few numbers, if the letters I have received count for the general opinion of P.W. readers. "We simply love short stories," writes a fair reader from Southend; "please put more of them into the paper," and this is a fair sample of the feelings of most of my correspondents. Consequently, I shall certainly see that P.W. has better short stories than any of its rivals. I have some wonderfully fine stories in hand, and clever brains will be working during the next few weeks to supply you with some really good fiction.

"Pearson's" in Distant Lands.

"SITTING in the doorway of my log cabin, reading an ancient copy of your weekly, I often envy you lucky beggars at home, seated in cool, shady English gardens with papers, tobacco, shops, railways, and all the benefits of civilisation at your beck and call." So writes T. J. C. from the backwoods of America, and I often wonder how far from civilisation P.W. penetrates. Only this week the Editor of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE showed me a letter from one of his readers who is stationed in the most easterly outpost of the Indian Empire. In this letter he says: "We are 390 odd miles by road from the Rangoon-Mandalay Railway, say, as far as from King's Cross to Waverley Station, Edinburgh, and most of that over high mountain ranges, the highest pass, nearly 7,000 feet, being over the Salween-Mekong watershed. The entire journey is done in the saddle. Our nearest neighbours, with the exception of two Telegraph and Public Works officials, stationed 100 miles away, are the officials in French Indo-China." Can any far-distant reader of *Pearson's Weekly* beat this?

Who Said Coward?

"IN reading my newspaper," says H. C., "I sometimes come across instances of men, who are unable to swim, looking on at drowning people without attempting to rescue them. They are invariably called cowards by the Press. I should like to know your opinion on this subject. Is a man a coward merely because he sees the uselessness of sacrificing his own life for no purpose?" I should describe him as an eminently sensible person, H. C. For a man who can't swim to jump into deep water after another is not heroism, but stupidity. On the other hand, one does occasionally come across cases of sheer cowardice, where two or three men who, by wading out and holding hands, might have effected a rescue, have made no attempt to do anything of the kind. Perhaps you have heard the story which a certain cynical old legal luminary used to relate concerning his Oxford days. He was on the river in a Canadian canoe, accompanied by a friend in another. The latter's boat upset, and the occupant, who was unable to swim, made a frantic clutch at his companion's canoe. "I was as near as a toucher over myself," the narrator used to say, "but, thank goodness, I had enough presence of mind to rap his knuckles with the paddle, and he let go and was drowned." This is what you might call carrying common-sense a little too far!

Banana Skin Fiends, Beware.

THE competition, how to deal effectively with those people who throw banana skins on the pavement, has been very popular with readers of P.W., and I have been both interested and much amused by the really original punishments which many would inflict. One contributor, for example, states his method in the novel form of a cookery recipe. "Take," he says, "one large backyard, well-flagged, with high walls all round, ten thousand banana skins, one banana skin fiend, and one fierce bulldog. Place banana skins carefully and evenly over flag. Insert bulldog in one corner of yard. Drop fiend in at the other, and leave till done!" Nor are other proposals less amusing. Quite a number suggest that the culprits should be compelled to feast on banana skins. Others propose the punishment that befell the "Ancient Mariner," only instead of a sacred sea-bird, the prisoner would have some over-ripe bananas slung round his neck. Many, again, would make the banana skin fiend walk along inclines or up and down stairs that have been carefully strewn with fruit skins; while one

competitor improves on this idea with the suggestion that the culprit "should be compelled to take daily exercise in a courtyard of polished glass wearing a pair of well-beeswaxed shoes." Banana skin fiends would, therefore, be well-advised to get rid of their thoughtless practice before P.W. readers get hold of them.

The twenty-five competitors to whom pencil-cases have been awarded are:

T. Wright, 40 Staplands Road, Broad Green, Liverpool; E. A. Eden, 71 Ferndale Road, Leytonstone; Mrs. V. Bateman, 101 Horseley Fields, Wolverhampton; J. Jones, "Grasmere," Mill Road, Pontnewynydd, Pontypool; J. Laing, 114 Commercial Street, Kirkcaldy; A. Harvey, "Troon," Camborne, Cornwall; W. M. Atkins, Frensham Vale, Farnham, Surrey; A. Sharp, 112 Henderson Street, Kinning Park, Glasgow; W. T. Patrick, 32 Victoria Park Avenue, Kirkcaldy, near Leeds; E. Rigg, The Grange Hotel, Grange-over-Sands; Miss J. Knight, 62 Lisson Grove, Plymouth; E. H. A. Home, 7 St. Bartholomew's Road, Reading; W. Baird, 95 Bellevue Road, Edinburgh; J. W. Johnson, 1 Milton Avenue, East Ham; T. Burns, 26 Catherine Street, Limerick; J. Henry, 121 Sinclair Street, Langside, Glasgow; S. M. Jones, 25 Gwyn-fryn Terrace, Pontycymmer, Garw Valley, S. Wales; E. Howarth, 153 Park Crescent, Bolton Brow, Sowerby Bridge, Yorks; J. Smart, 14 Brougham Place, Edinburgh; C. E. Sewell, 54 Pembroke Road, Seven Kings; J. Moorhouse, Victoria Road, Earby, Lancs.; A. E. Wright, 112 Grandison Road, Battersea; Jessie Spiro, 20 Windsor Terrace, Portobello, Dublin; H. Percy, 7 Corrigan Road, Levenshulme; G. W. David, 6 Claremont Crescent, Weston-super-mare.

Those Hard-hearted Railways.

A CORRESPONDENT, signing himself ONE THE SHOE PINCHER, has a grievance. It is not a question of corns, as you might expect from his *nom de plume*; it has to do with railways. "Why have the railway companies," he demands, "fixed the time at twelve years of age when full fare must be paid for a child? It presses very hard on people with large families, especially at holiday times. Now that the school age is raised to fourteen years, I think that should be raised to fourteen also. The present arrangement must have been fixed when children could leave school at twelve, and begin to earn their own living. At twelve years of age now children are earning little or nothing, and costing more to their parents in clothes and food. I think it is very hard lines that parents should be required to pay as much in fares for a non-earning child as they do for themselves." From the point of view of the over-burdened parent it certainly does seem a little rough, but, after all, there are two sides to every question. The way the railway companies look at it is that it's very generous and gracious of them to give any concession at all, and that, instead of asking for more, like Oliver Twist, the public should be consumed with a constant gratitude at being allowed to pay half-price for a child up to twelve. In any case, I don't think it can press quite so hard on people as you suggest, O. T. S. P., for, however large a family may be, the number between twelve and fourteen must, in the nature of things, be fairly limited.

Education and Happiness.

"Is it conducive to happiness," inquires P. McD., "to have ideas beyond one's station? I have noticed many a time amongst the working-class population that those who are well-read, and well-informed, and, generally speaking, better educated than the others are somehow less happy. Education seems to make them take life more seriously, and their pleasures and enjoyments become more restrained. Another cause of their unhappiness is that they consider themselves superior to the rest, and only mix amongst them when necessary. The upper- and middle-classes won't have anything to do with them—and so they are left out in the cold, as it were."

—There is a good deal of truth in what you say, P. McD., but if a man has the sort of mind that desires to be better educated, he will be far more unhappy if he refuses to gratify it. By raising himself to a certain extent above his surroundings he will probably suffer from the disadvantages you mention; but, on the other hand, he will derive no little compensation from the knowledge and culture he acquires. It doesn't follow that a man is less happy because he takes life more seriously. Your argument about his being left out in the cold is, to a certain extent, correct, but you must remember that he will probably be able to find friends amongst others like himself. After all, one can enjoy life without having an enormous acquaintance.

Our Finest Prose.

"A PERUSAL of CARLYLE'S letter which appeared in your paper," writes W. M. A., "and the contemplation of the admirable and trenchant English in which it is couched, has aroused my curiosity as to who was the greatest exponent of English prose. I use the word 'was' advisedly, for one seldom meets with much exquisite English in these days. Possibly, you may see your way to give us your views on the matter. English literature is singularly rich in purists of style, instance Defoe, Bunyan, Addison, Swift, Sterne, Goldsmith, Johnson,

Boswell, Izaak Walton, Lamb, Borrow, Gibbon, Macaulay, Carlyle, Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray. To whom among them all belongs the distinction of having written the purest and most sonorous English?"—It would be quite impossible, W. M. A., to express anything more than one's private opinion on the question, for the merit of various writers is a subject on which critics will always differ. Personally, I think that for beauty of diction and richness of style there is no book in the English language that can possibly be classed with the authorised translation of the Bible. In purely original work I should certainly award first prize to the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." From the first word to the last Gibbon's masterpiece rolls on with a sustained magnificence worthy of the subject.

Cake for the F.A.F.

AMONGST the many helpers of the Fresh Air Fund few are more enthusiastic than E. B., of Kingston, Herefordshire. From year to year he kindly sends a gift of a hundredweight of cake for distribution amongst the children during their happy outings. This summer finds, as usual, that E. B. has not forgotten the F.A.F., and it gives me the greatest pleasure to acknowledge his latest act of generosity. His thoughtful example is, indeed, one well worthy of imitation.

F.A.F. Special Days.

THE following special outings in connection with the Fresh Air Fund have been arranged: August 12th, "Sherley" Day; August 13th, "H.M.S. Blenheim" Day.

F.A.F. Figures.

Amount previously acknowledged, £2,472 6s.

ORD. SUB.: Anon., 10s.; A. Offen, 1s. 6d.; per J. Paterson, 1s.; R. O., 2s. 6d.; Dudley and Dollie, 3s.; Miss E. H. Nash, £1. Miss A. Robertson, £1; Bridlington, 3s.; Bromsgrove Friends, 6s. 9d.; Anon., 5s.; Miss M. Choules, 5s. 3d.; Sympathy, 3s.; Mrs. C. J. Kirby, £1 1s.; A. Y., 1s. 6d.; Yorkshire 90; For Four, 3s.; Anon., 3s.; Edith and Luther, 7s. 6d.; A Friend, 1s. 6d.; K. Louis worth, 1s. 6d.; Capt. D. S. Matthews, £8 2s.; B. Thow, 9d.; Holiday Maker, 2s. 6d.; Messrs Firth Brothers, Shepley, £3 3s.; Molly, 9d.; Jewelry, per H. W., £2; A. J., 10s.; Anon., 10s.; Mollie and Jack, £1; H. T. Warren, 11s.; Miss Smith, 3s.; Geoffrey Hunter, 2s.; Mrs. F. Parker, 5s.; Mrs. Barrington, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Lowe, £3; Miss Lowe, 9d.; R. W. Seago, 10s. 6d.; A Nurse, 1s. 6d.; Holiday, 15s.; A Widow's Mite, 2s. 6d.; A Little Friend, 1s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; T. Haughton Watson, £1 1s.; Rev. W. Jolly, 5s.; Cypress, 9d.; Topsy, 1s. 6d.; M. W., 9d.; A Mother, 1s. 6d.; F. Leslie, 3s.; Miss A. M. Swan, 4s.; E. Wathen, 5s.; P. T. Bryan, 1s.; B. and H., 5s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Nicholas, 10s.; A Royal Reader, 5s.; May and Willie Forge, 1s. 6d.; R. L. Smith, 2s. 6d.; E. Walter, £1 1s.; Fir Villa Growler's, Bloemfontein, £3; D. M., 2s.; F. E. G. and Ma, 2s. 6d.; For Four, 3s.; Miss Gooding, 3s.; Mrs. Shand, 7s. 6d.; Mrs. Bishop, 2s. 3d.; O. S., 2s. 6d.; Big Two-penn'orth of Cement, 2s. 6d.; I. L. S., 9d.; M. Hawks, 1s. 8d.; Limerick, 6d.; K. Hawkins, 9d.; A. and N. B., 1s. 6d.; M. Bugz, 1s.; A. J. R., 10s. 6d.; Bolton, 2s. 6d.; A. Y., Brampton, 10s.; E. S. M., 10s.; Major C. B. Hoskyn, £2; L. E. P., 3s.; Gungar, Calcutta, £2 2s.; Ozone, £1 1s.; A Lover of Children, 1s.; C. M. Tolcher, £1; In Nomine Christi, 1s. 6d.; J. R., 9d.; M. R. M., and E. M. C., 1s. 6d.; Capt. G. J. Gould, £5; Woe One, 9d.; Donald and Sydney, 2s. 4d.; E. G., 1s.; Outcast, 1s. 6d.; W. H. Watts, 10s.; E. O., 5s. 3d.; Baroness O. Nede Pallardi, 5s.; W. D. P., 9d.; D. M. W., 9d.; K. M. F., 7s. 6d.; Rupert, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. J. P. Cumming, S. Africa, £3 3s.; A. H., 10s.; A Lover of Children, 3s.; E. Oakley, 4s. 6d.; Deeply Interested, 2s. 3d.; Emigrant, 10s.; H. Meredith, 1s. 2d.; Miss K. Low, 5s.; T. B. H., 6d.; Trowbridge, 1s. 6d.; E. A. Q., 14s.; S. M. Singh, £2 10s.; P. Pain, £1 3s.; H. Lewellyn, 7s. 6d.; Miss Bradie, 5s.; Anon., £1; H. Dennis, 2s.; B. Humphrey, £1; L. Sharp, 4s. 6d.; Clare and Monica M., 10s. 6d.; A Lover of the Country, 9d.; L. Trowbridge, 1s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; H. A., 2s.; J. E. C., 1s. 6d.; E. P., 1s. 6d.; Sunday Companion Reader, 9d.; H.M.S. Blake, 1s. 3d.; Nurse Hope, 10s.; A. C. 3s.; A Little Friend, 2s.; Isis, 10s.; R. T. Colley, 10s.; A. C. 3s.; Henderson Craig and Co., Ltd., £8 2s.; E. S. H., 2s. 3d.; Messrs. Henderson Craig and Co., Ltd., £8 2s.; T. C. Chambers, 5s.; Miss N. Russell, 5s.; Widow's Mite, 1s.; A. Margaret, Friend, 6d.; Elsa, 4s. 6d.; W. G. and S. P., 1s. 6d.; H. M. C., 1s.; E. H. C. T., 3s.; Anon., 3s. 6d.; Tobacco Money, 1s.; Mrs. and Miss Lee, 12s.; Olga Bullen, 3s.; Edith, 1s. 6d.; Robert, 1s. 6d.; Edmund Schwerdt, 4s. 6d.; A Country Girl, 3s.; J. Pennycook, 9d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Alice, 1s. 6d.; F. H., 9d.; E. L., 9d.; H. Peckell, 1s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; R. W. W., 2s. 6d.; H. Plunkett, 2s. 3d.; Miss Wassell, 1s. 6d.; Anon., 10s.; Donkey Rides, 2s. 3d.; Holworthy, 10s.; H. and R. Baker, 3s.; Miss Ratcliffe, 4s.; L. W., 1s. 6d.; Stanley, Harold, and Certe, 2s.; M. S., 9d.; Evelyn, 3s.; L. G., 1s. 6d.; W. A. M., 3s.; J. R. McE., £1; Mrs. and Miss Bond, 12s.; Bowler, 5s.; Anon., 1s.; Two Friends, 5s.

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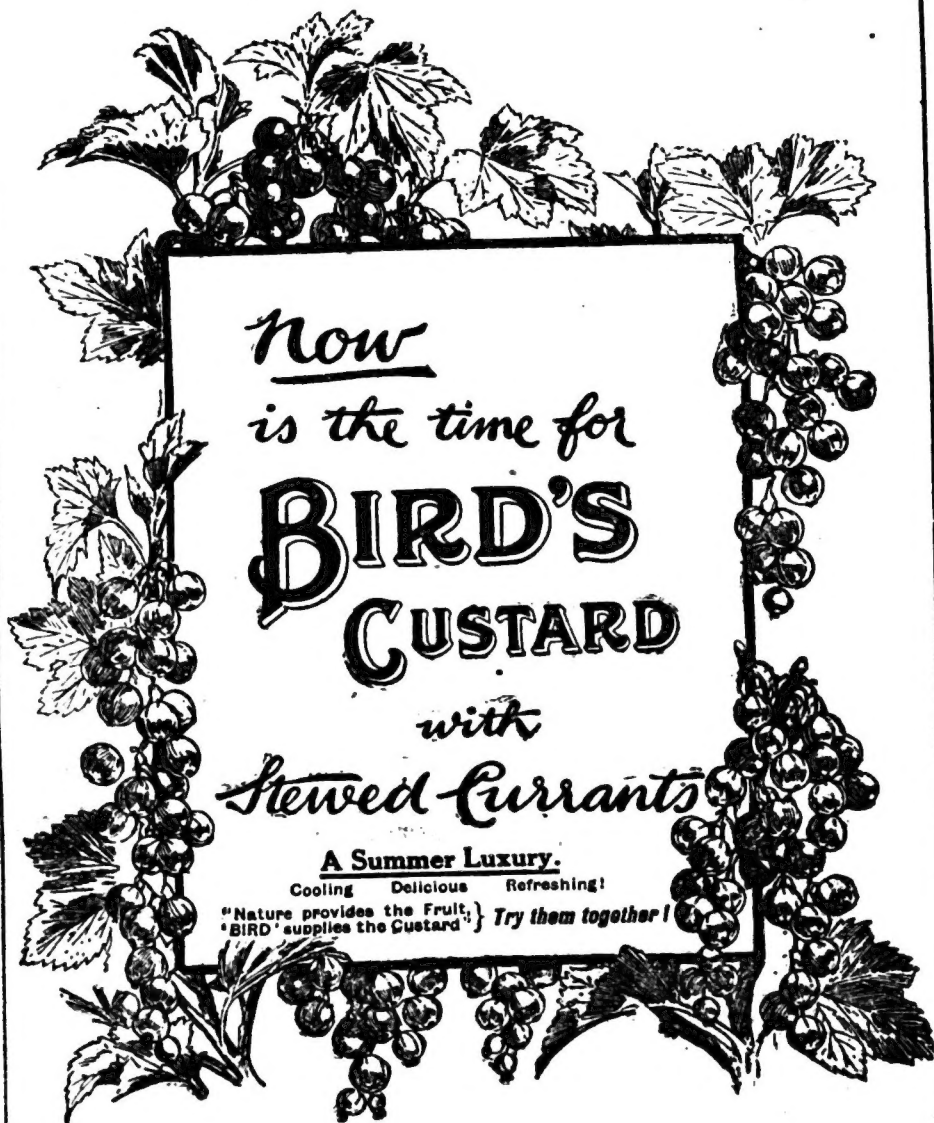
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